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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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Hymns of faith and hope



HYMNS
OF
FAITH AND HOPE.

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HYMNS
OF
FAITH AND HOPE.

BY
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Oriens, ...	1
Finish thy Work, ...	4
The Sword, ...	5
Jesus, Help!	6
Vigilate, ...	8
Jubilate, ...	9
Even so, Amen, ...	11
Thy Kingdom Come, ...	12
Be Still, ...	14
Sweet Cup of Sorrow, ...	15
Light in Darkness, ...	16
Our Battle, ...	18
The Same for Ever, ...	20
Cross and Throne, ...	21
To the Mark, ...	22
All in Bloom, ...	23
God in All, and All in God, ...	25
Thee, only Thee, ...	27
Shine on, ...	28
The War Song of the Church, ...	29

	PAGE
The Double Curse, ...	30
Upward, ...	31
To my Tempter, ...	33
The Walk of Faith, ...	33
Good Will toward Men, ...	35
The Work that Saves, ...	36
A Hymn of Praise, ...	37
Divine Peace, ...	38
The White Raiment, ...	39
There Laid they Jesus, ...	41
Heart and Lip, ...	43
Come unto Me, ...	44
As many as Touched Him, ...	45
Fellowship with Christ, ...	46
My Pilgrimage, ...	47
Prayer to the Spirit, ...	49
The Cross, ...	50
Our Father's House, ...	51
Confession and Peace, ...	53
Almost Home, ...	54
Resurrection, ...	56
The Shepherd's Voice, ...	57
Intercession, ...	59
It doth not yet appear what we shall be, ...	61
Pressing On, ...	62
We Follow Thee, ...	64
The Comfort of the Holy Ghost, ...	65

	PAGE
Eternal Water-Brooks, ...	67
Love not the World, ...	68
Could ye not Watch ?	71
Give Glory, ...	73
Light for Work, ...	74
Thankful Memories, ...	76
Follow Me, ...	78
Not to Self, ...	80
Glory to God, ...	82
Let your Light Shine, ...	83
Deny Thyself, ...	85
Jesus Christ our Lord, ...	86
He Comes, ...	88
My High Priest, ...	89
The Cry of the Needy, ...	90
The Heavenward March, ...	91
The Blood that Speaketh Better Things, ...	92
The Book of God, ...	93
Bring the Bright Day, ...	95
Communion, ...	96
Bear Thou my Burden, ...	98
The Gift of Peace, ...	99
Life's Praise, ...	101
Post-Communion Hymn, ...	103
Ever with Thee, ...	103
Let us not Rend it, ...	104
Unspeakable Words, ...	106

	PAGE
Juxta Crucem, ...	109
Divine Love, ...	110
Psalm to Christ, ...	111
The Song of the Lamb, ...	112
Praise, ...	114
Holy Sleep, ...	115
Creation's Song, ...	117
The Thorn in the Flesh, ...	118
Love our Resting-Place, ...	119
True Thinking, ...	120
The Church's Watch, ...	122
Prayer for the Children, ...	125
Who Teacheth like Him?	126
Who Touched Me?	127
Forget not all His Benefits, ...	128
Psalms I.-XXXVI., ...	133-196
" XLV., ...	198
" XCVIII., ...	200
" XCIX., ...	201
" CXXI., ...	203
" CXXV., ...	204
" CXXVI., ...	205
" CXXX., ...	205
" CXXXIV., ...	206
" CXLVIII., ...	207
" CXLIX., ...	208
" CL., ...	209
III.	



H Y M N S

OF

FAITH AND HOPE.

O R I E N S.

A CROSS the plains of Europe, through
the smoke
Of its grim cities, bend thy gaze afar
To Syrian mountains, o'er whose tops first
woke
The youth and splendour of time's morning-
star.

Turn from thy native west, where daylight dies,
And look to the fair lands where morning
springs,—
Morn, with its fresh and fragrant ministries,
And resurrection-symbols on its wings.

Cradle of life, and birth-land of the day,
How the heart turns to it in silent hours,
As to the home of true nativity,
Truer than this far western shore of ours !

Six thousand summers, each a golden dream,
Have flung their glowing mantles o'er its
hills ;

Myriads of mornings, each a ruby gleam,
Have flushed in beauty o'er its lowly rills.

Turn from thy native north, where suns are
scant,

And stars are mute, and skies all sickly-pale,
To purer climes, where stars are eloquent,
Where suns and skies put on no cloudy
veil.

O cliffs and vales, palm-groves and olive-slopes,
Fountains and tranquil lakes, serenely bright,
Where sprung and blossomed earth's first living
hopes,

And darkness fled before the rising light !

Where heaven saluted earth, and God with
man,

As friend with friend, walked in communion
dear ;

Where peace descended, and the ancient ban
Was cancelled that forbade us to draw near.

Where words were spoken, and where deeds
were done,

That changed the current of earth's history,
And overthrew old altars, one by one ;

Where truth divine shook down each human
lie ;

Speaking to weary souls of rest and peace,
Of the great love of God, so sure and true,
Of the wide open gate to heavenly bliss,
Of life through death, of old things all made
new.

It is not now what once it was of old,
Nor what it shall be in the age divine ;
Yet still it beameth with a love untold,
That dear, dear Orient, light's authentic
shrine.

O land of morning, what a glory still
Above thee rests, though desolate thy ways!
We look from far to each once sacred hill,
And faith and hope grow stronger as we
gaze.

How doubly true seems truth when seen
through you,
Zion, and Lebanon, and Olivet !
How dear the Amen, old yet ever new,
That echoes to us from each ancient height !

Blessed the eyes that once upon you gazed,
Blessed the feet that once your highways
trod,
Blessed the ears that heard the hymns once
raised
In Salem's shrine, upon the Mount of God.

FINISH THY WORK.

FINISH thy work, the time is short,
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down, till then
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest ;
Till then, till then, rest never ;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest for ever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil ;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won ;
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
" Well done, well done."

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above ;
Sing a new song of thankful joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy paths below,
Who made thee faithful to the death,
And crowns thee now.

—o—

THE SWORD.

FOR the warfare gird it on ;
Nor until the fight be won,
And the day's hot work is done,
Lay it by.

Sharp its edge ; oh, use it well !
Strong against the strongest spell,
Ever framed in earth or hell,
It will prove.

Bright its blade ; oh keep it bright,
For the battle, day and night !
Stainless as the flashing light,
Let it shine.

With it hew thy onward way
Through hell's thickest war-array ;
Nothing let thy soul dismay,
To the last.

Weapon of the true and just,
Trust it strongly, warrior, trust ;
Keep it free from earthly rust ;
Win it must.

Strike for God, and let each blow
 Tell on Satan's overthrow,
 Be the ruin of a foe :

Strike for God !

Not for angels was it made,
 Man alone can wield that blade,
 Soldiers of the great crusade,—
 Host of God !

Sword of God, thy power we hail ;
 He who has thee cannot fail,
 He who trusts thee must prevail :
 Mighty sword !

Rich in victories untold,
 Still the precious sword of old,
 Steel and gems and glorious gold,
 To the last.

Till the warfare shall be done,
 Till the victory be won,
 Till the triumph be begun,
 Grasp we thee !

—o—

JESUS, HELP!

OH help me o'er this river,
 Thou who hast crossed before ;
 Oh help, or I shall never
 Reach the further shore !

Its waters swell and eddy ;
I fall, I sink, I'm lost :
Oh keep my footsteps steady
Till I have safely crossed.

Stretch out Thy hand to save me,
As Thou hast often done ;
For if *Thou* wilt not have me,
Then I am wholly gone.

If *Thou*, dear Lord, wilt have me,
If *Thou* wilt help my need,
Ah, this will save, will save me,
And I am saved indeed.

A word from *Thee* will do it,
One word, one word, no more ;
I shall be carried through it,
And landed on the shore.

Oh help me through this trial,
Thou tried and tempted One ;
I cannot take denial,—
Thou *must*, or I am gone.

'Tis Thou,—Thou, Saviour, only,
That can suffice for me,
For I am tried and lonely,
I have no friend but Thee.

VIGILATE.

IT travels onward, this old world of ours,
Bending beneath the weight of years and
hours ;
Mark its grey hairs, and note its failing
powers.

Vigilate !

Its infancy, and youth, and prime are gone ;
Leaning upon its staff, it totters on,
As one whose weary course is nearly done.

Vigilate !

Its sinking suns their lean long shadows cast,
Its noon-gay mirth and rosy smiles are past,
Its fair, fresh firmament grows wan at last.

Vigilate !

Like leaves from some unknown, mysterious
tree

Above our reach, its moments silently
Are dropping from a far eternity.

Vigilate !

The nations shrink and tremble, king and
crowd ;

God's lightnings leap and flash from yon red
cloud ;

Answers each cliff, and peak, and vale aloud,

Vigilate !

The people cower and flee, like frightened flock;
Earth's stablest kingdoms to their centre rock,
And the old crust seems heaving with the
shock.

Vigilate!

The gems upon the brow of kings grow dim,
Like stars of morning in heaven's eastern rim;
Fainter and feebler float up song and hymn.

Vigilate!

The world's old voice falls low, that once was
strong,

And echo can but faintly now prolong
The "*Nunc dimittis*" of its dying song.

Vigilate!

—o—

JUBILATE.

O quando lucescet tuus
Qui nescit occasum, dies!
O quando sancta se dabit,
Qui nescit hostem patria!—OLD HYMN.

THE night-shades have begun their flight,
The mists are passing into light,
The morning-star is on the height.

Jubilate!

Adown the dark crag's sea-stained steep
The daylight has begun to creep,
The clouds are waking from their sleep.

Jubilate!

Round the still sweep of list'ning skies
The voice of the archangel flies,
Bidding the blessed dead arise.

Jubilate!

Like sparkles from the glassy sea,
Or gleams of far eternity,
The signs of coming joy we see.

Jubilate!

The battle has been fought and won,
The sad, long work of sin undone,
The age of righteousness begun.

Jubilate.

The chains are on the tempter now;
Of God and man the broken foe
Lies in eternal dungeon low.

Jubilate!

Silent the storm of passion now,
Cooled the hot air of strife below;
The strong before the feeble bow.

Jubilate!

See, on yon green and silent plain,
The idle sword, the broken chain,
And rust, not blood, is in their stain.

Jubilate!

The reign of peace and truth has come;
Christ on His earth has found a home,
And Israel rests, no more to roam.

Jubilate!

Death, the last enemy, is slain;
Life in its joy has come again,
And love resumes its ancient strain.
Jubilate!

—o—

EVEN SO, AMEN.

LIFE is coming, death is going;
Quickly past us time is flowing.
Amen, Amen!

Day is dawning, night is flying;
Soon shall end this grief and sighing.
Amen, Amen!

Rest is nearing, toil is ending;
Homeward now our path is bending.
Amen, Amen!

Right is hasting, wrong is leaving;
Earth ere long shall cease its grieving.
Amen, Amen!

Love is coming, hate is going;
Seeds of unity are sowing.
Amen, Amen!

Fear is passing, hope is brightening;
Burdened brows and hearts are lightening.
Amen, Amen!

Cells are opening, chains are bursting ;
Weary spirits cease their thirsting.

Amen, Amen !

Tears are drying, songs are breaking ;
Earth's glad echoes are awaking.

Amen, Amen !

Graves are opening, dead are meeting ;
Heaven and earth each other greeting.

Amen, Amen !

Hill and vale put on their gladness,
Not a trace remains of sadness.

Amen, Amen !

—o—

THY KINGDOM COME.

GREAT King of kings, why dost Thou stay ?
Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way ?
Why lingers the expected day ?

Thy kingdom come !

Sin has prevailed on earth too long ;
Ages of evil, pain, and wrong,
Have marred the meditated song.

Thy kingdom come !

Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty ;
From death and chains this world set free.

Thy kingdom come !

Unloved, unworshipped, slighted now,
When shall each knee before Thee bow,
Of things above and things below?

Thy kingdom come !

Earth still is waiting for the day
When old things shall have passed away,
And all be clad in new array.

Thy kingdom come !

O'er us the tempest rages still,
The lightning ravages at will,
The war-trump echoes loud and shrill.

Thy kingdom come !

O King of glory, King of peace,
Bid all these storms and tumults cease,
Bring in Thy reign of righteousness.

Thy kingdom come !

Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
And holy love this earth to sway :
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day.

Thy kingdom come !

Oh, bid Thy blessed gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
That all Thy wondrous grace may know.

Thy kingdom come !

Oh, bid it speed its course abroad,
Tell of the mighty love of God,
Point to the wrathful iron rod.

Thy kingdom come !

BE STILL.

BE still, my soul, be still!
Unquiet is the world without;
All strife, and fickleness, and doubt :
Seek thou the stedfast will !

One home, one haven alone
There is ; one sacred resting-place,
The everlasting truth and grace
Of the unchanging One.

Here is the blessed balm,
Each pain to soothe, each wound to heal,
And to the ruffled spirit seal
The everlasting calm.

To the one stormless clime
My waysore feet still hourly bend,
This brief unrest of earth to end,
This fever-dream of time.

Give rest, my God, within,
'Mid strifes and dark uncertainties,
The tumults and the vanities,
The passion and the sin.

Speak Thou, and winds shall cease ;
The life-long storm at length is o'er,
I rest, I rest, upon the shore,
Where breathes the balm of peace !

SWEET CUP OF SORROW.

SWEET cup of sorrow,
I would drink thee!
Cup of unearthly wine,
As thy lip touches mine,
I would bethink me,—
“Christ, my joy and hope,
Once drained a bitterer cup,
Let me then drink thee up!”

Dear cup of sorrow,
I would own thee,
And speak thy praises true,
As only those can do
Who have known thee.
Sweet and bitter joined,
Medicine of soul and mind,
Health in thee let me find!

Though thou art bitter,
Love is in thee;
Pledge of the brighter wine,
Let my pale lips touch thine;
For within thee
Are the blessings seven;
O cup, O wine of heaven,
At the high banquet given!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A H, Lord, the world is dark!
But Thou art only, only light;
Its sun is but a dying spark,
But Thou art ever, ever bright.
Earth has no wisdom, Lord!
But Thou art only, only wise;
No bread its hungry fields afford,
No rain its iron skies!

A child of light am I;
My way I cannot, cannot miss;
And yet the goal I scarce descry,
In blinding darkness such as this.
Upon the narrow road
Deep mist is settling darkly down;
And now the narrow and the broad
Seem mingled into one!

Light for these days of gloom,
Truth-beams to liberate and cheer,
Light for Thy Church to guide her home,
Light for each pilgrim footstep here.
Let in the living blaze,
Till the deep midnight shine as day;
Sweep off the soul-bewildering haze
That hides the healing ray.

Build up the broken faith,
Lest hell, all hell, begin to mock;

The treasures of Thy life and death,
O dying, living One, unlock !
Raise up the ruined truth,
Afar let each fair falsehood flee;
Restore Thy Church's glorious youth,
Her primal purity.

Bring back Thy straying sheep,
Who in this evil cloudy day
Have failed the path of truth to keep,
Loving dark error's spell-strewn way.
Cleanse out the temple, Lord !
Scourge out, O Christ, the hireling train,
And scatter far the robber horde
That crowd Thy courts for gain.

Thy Church from Satan guard ;
Thrust out the error and the lie.
Self and the flesh destroy, O Lord,
The pride, the pomp, the vanity.
Give zeal and holiness,
The calm, brave energy of love ;
Shed down the freshening dew of peace,
The life-shower from above.

Bid the long ages flee,
Of doubt, uncertainty, and strife;
Give back the ancient unity,
The love, the beauty, and the life.
Reign of the wise and just,
Age of the good, the great, and true,

Through these thick clouds of smoke and dust,
We calmly wait for you.

—o—

OUR BATTLE.

Intrabimus, post omnia
Devicta mundi prælia,
Carnis soluti vinculis,
Vitæ perennis Sabbatum.

OLD HYMN.

HOW goes the fight with thee,—
The life-long battle with all evil things?
Thine no low strife, and thine no selfish
aim;
It is the war of giants and of kings.

Goes the fight well with thee,—
This living fight with death and death's dark
power?
Is not the stronger than the strong one near,
With thee and for thee in the fiercest hour?

Does it grow slacker now?
Then tremble; for be sure thy hellish foe
Slacks not. 'Tis thou that slackest in the fight;
Fainter and feebler falls each weary blow.

Dread not the din and smoke,
The stifling poison of the fiery air;
Courage! it is the battle of thy God;
Go, and for Him learn how to do and dare!

What though ten thousand fall,
And the red field with the dear dead be
strewn!
Grasp but more bravely thy bright shield and
sword;
Fight to the last, although thou fight'st alone.

What though ten thousand faint,
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee?
Heed not the panic of the multitude;
Thine be the Captain's watchword—Victory!

Look to thine armour well!
Thine the one panoply no blow that fears;
Ours is the day of rusted swords and shields,
Of loosened helmets and of broken spears.

Heed not the throng of foes!
To fight 'gainst hosts is still the Church's lot.
Side thou with God, and thou must win the
day;
Woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth
not!

Say not the fight is long:
'Tis but one battle and the fight is o'er;
No second warfare mars thy victory,
And the one triumph is for evermore.

THE SAME FOR EVER.

THE cross stands firm ; no blast of time,
No hurricane of earth's rude clime,
Can shake its heavenly steadfastness,
Or lessen its high power to bless.
I look and live !

The tidings from that tree of love
Are still God's message from above,
Telling, each hour, of cleansing blood,
And pointing to the upward road.
I hear and live !

Still does the Christ His grace reveal,
His well of living joy unseal ;
Still telling of His love and light,
His meekness, majesty, and might.
I come and live !

Still waves life's tree its glorious wealth,
Laden with everlasting health ;
With fruit and leaf divinely fair,
And immortality still there.
I eat and live !

Still from the rock the waters burst
To quench the weary spirit's thirst ;
Who drinketh once will drink again,
Who drinketh shall not drink in vain.
I drink and live !

CROSS AND THRONE.

THE cross, it standeth fast.
Hallelujah !
The winds of hell have blown,
Yet 'tis not overthrown.
Hallelujah !
It shall stand for ever.

It is the old cross still,
Hallelujah !
On which the living One
Did for man's sin atone.
Hallelujah !
It shall stand for ever.

Old cross, on thee I lean.
Hallelujah !
Old, and yet ever new,
I glory still in you.
Hallelujah !
Thou shalt stand for ever.

Beneath thy shade I sit,
Hallelujah !
O tree of health divine,
My refuge, even mine.
Hallelujah !
Thou shalt stand for ever.

The blood is on thee yet,
Hallelujah !

The blood that maketh clean
 The soul from stain and sin.
 Hallelujah !
 Thou shalt stand for ever.

And yet beyond thee still,
 Hallelujah !
 I look and see a throne,
 Christ's throne and mine in one.
 Hallelujah !
 Throne and cross for ever.

—o—

TO THE MARK.

'TIS a sharp rugged hill, that seems to
 mock
 The climber's strength and skill, where rock
 on rock
 Shoots sternly upward to the bending skies;
 Yet right in front of thee its steeps arise,
 And thou must climb !

Up, then, and linger not, thou saint of God !
 Fling from thy shoulders each impeding load ;
 Be brave and wise, shake off earth's soil
 and sin,
 That with the Bridegroom thou mayest
 enter in.
 Oh, watch and pray !

Soon shall the voice be heard, "Behold, I come,"
 That calls thee upward to thy glorious home,

That bids thee leave these vales, and take
 swift wing,
To meet the hosts of thy descending
 King ;
 And thou must rise !

'Tis a thick throng of foes, afar and near,—
All hell in front, a hating world in rear ;
 Yet flee thou canst not, victory must be
 won,
Ere fall the shadows of time's setting sun ;
 And thou must fight !

Gird on thine armour, face each weaponed foe ;
Deal with the sword of heaven the deadly
 blow ;
Forward, still forward, in the fight divine,
Slack not the warfare till the field be thine.
 Win thou the crown !

'Tis a fair crown, which never can grow old,—
A crown of heaven's own everlasting gold ;
 Wages of service rendered here below,
 Reward of battle for the conqueror's brow.
 Win thou the crown !

—o—

ALL IN BLOOM.

'T WAS spring, six thousand years ago :
 The frost-wind had not come,
Nor winter with its cloudy gloom,

And silent shroud-like snow ;
Nor summer with its fever-glow.
Young life, first life, was budding everywhere,
And health breathed thro' the sweet immacu-
late air.

Earth, with its virgin soil
Unscourged by human avarice and toil,
Untainted by the rankness of a tomb,
Was all in bloom.

But spring, time's spotless spring,
Like peace and hope, took wing,
Went upward with its fair array,
Leaving a faded mantle to this earth
Instead of the gay raiment of its birth.
It was, and is not ! Since the gladsome day
When it alighted from above
On vale, and field, and grove,
Earth has not known its love.

Dear spring of ours, which, with the year,
Comes up in April joy and cheer ;
Child of the past, preserving still
Some features of an ancient sire,
Which time, and change, and ill,
Which winter's frost and summer's fire
Have not been able to destroy ;
Faint echo of a long-lost song,
Faint relic of an earlier joy,
With all thy light and smiles,
Thy soft and sunny wiles,
What art thou to that spring,

Earth's first and freshest, when the magic light
Of this world's birthday threw its glances bright
Over creation's splendour,—that old spring,
With balm and beauty on the wing,
And earth all fresh and blossoming?

But spring, earth's primal season, reappears :
These long six thousand years
Of storm are ending, and the doom
Of this creation is not sealed ;
The curse shall be repealed ;
The day of glory stands revealed ;
Departs the gloom,
Descends the life of a more vernal clime,
Beyond the blights of time ;
A thousand vales rejoice,
A thousand hills lift up the voice ;
Old ocean smiles again
In golden glory clad,
And sings a happier strain,
The key-note of the holy reign.
The tranquil sky is glad ;
And earth once more,
From shore to happy shore,
Is all in bloom.



GOD IN ALL, AND ALL IN GOD.

THIEE in the loving bloom of morn,
Thee in the purple eve we see !

All things in heaven and earth, O Lord,
Live and move in Thee !

Thee in the spring's fresh joy and life,
Thee in the May-dew's timid glow,
Thee in the autumn's mellow blush,
Thee in winter's snow !

Life is not life without Thee, Lord,
Thou fill'st creation's wondrous whole ;
Light is not light without Thy love,
Blank this boundless soul !

Thee, Lord, without, this seeing eye
Looks on a mist, a void, a blot ;
Thee, Lord, without, this hearing ear
Hears, yet heareth not !

No, not the beauty of the earth,
Not the wide splendour of the sea,
No, not the glory of the heavens,—
Save as seen in Thee !

No, not the fragrance of the woods,
Nor the deep music of the breeze,
Not all the hues of field and flower,—
But Thyself in these !

No, not the valley, nor the hill,
The lake, the stream, the waterfall ;
No, not the girdling zone of blue,—
But Thyself in all !

No, not the flash of diamond,
The glow of pale or rosy gem ;
Not the fair marble's polished front,—
But Thyself in them !

Without Thee day is darkest night,
With Thee the deepest night is day ;
Earth's only Sun, O Lord, art Thou :
Shine our night away !

Being of beings, Lord and God,
Thee in all things these eyes would see ;
And all things round, beneath, above,
Lord, in Thee, in Thee !

Most blessed Lord, great God of all,
My dawn, my noon, my day, my eve,
My light, my glory, and my joy,
Lord, in whom I live !

Give to me every day and hour
Some newer, holier, happier ray,
The earnest, to my longing heart,
Lord, of Thy true day !

—o—

THEE, ONLY THEE.

HE speaks ! The gracious words I hear ;
Gently He bids me now draw near ;
He calls me, and I know His tone,
'Tis love that speaks, and love alone.
I would not wait, but come !

No more earth's siren song has charms
To lure me to the siren's arms;
Saviour, Thou callest, and I come,
Thy cross my guide, my star, my home.
I rise and follow Thee.

Thou art my all, above, below;
Let every earthly idol go;
My God and Lord, to Thee I come,
My treasure and my song; for whom
Have I in heaven but Thee?

Oh, speak again, oh, speak each hour,
Speak in almighty love and power;
Speak to this faithless, trustless heart,
Bid doubt and unbelief depart,
And let me cleave to Thee!

—o—

SHINE ON.

SHINE on, sweet sun, and let my day
Grow brighter, as the gentle hours,
Moving in silent love, draw up
The incense of the noon-day flowers.

I need not fear the awful night
That prophet-pens foretell as near;
For me there is no cloud nor gloom;
My firmament is fair and clear.

It may be that the wrath may burst,
And nations drink the cup of ill;

I need not tremble at the storm ;
My summer shall be summer still.

Like the fair stars my peace shall be ;
My life is hid with Christ in God.
My anchor is within the veil,
And there my soul hath her abode.

The dark to me is only bright ;
Calm, as the sea of glass, time's flood ;
All grief is joy, and pain is ease,
And evil shall be only good.

—o—

THE WAR SONG OF THE CHURCH.

SOUNDS the trumpet from afar !
Soldiers of the holy war,
Rise, for you your Captain waits ;
Rise, the foe is at the gates !

Arm ! the conflict has begun ;
Fight ! the battle must be won ;
Lift the banner to the sky,
Wave its blazing folds on high !

Banner of the blessed tree,
Round its glory gather ye !
Warriors of the crown and cross,
What is earthly gain or loss ?

Life with death, and death with life,
Closes now in deadly strife ;

Help us with Thy shield and sword,
King and Captain, mighty Lord !

King of glory Thou alone !
King of kings, Thy name we own !
With Thy banner overhead,
Not ten thousand foes we dread.

Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain ;
Not a stroke descends in vain ;
Wounded, still no foot we yield
On this ancient battle-field.

More than conquerors even now,
With the war-sweat on our brow,
Onward o'er the well-marked road,
March we as the host of God.

Royal is the sword we wield,
Royal is our battle-field,
Royal is our victory,
Royal shall our triumph be.

—o—

THE DOUBLE CURSE.

“Cursed is the ground for thy sake.”—GEN. iii. 17.

“When thou tillest the ground, it shall not yield unto thee her strength.”—GEN. iv. 12.

I.

TWO curses, one of Adam, one of Cain ;
Two curses, one of barrenness, and one

Of fruitfulness in evil,—double stain,—
Earth blighted ere its morning hours have run.
How swiftly is the work of havoc done !
Dire poison rushing through each noble vein.
Two drops suffice, two drops of deadly rain ;
The soil is stricken and the plague begun.
Who shall repeal man's doom of toil and pain ?
When shall the sickly earth take on its health
again ?

II.

The Healer comes, and life is in His hand ;
The blessing comes, the curse has fled away.
Be glad, ye heavens ! rejoice, O sea and land !
Fled has your night, and dawned your promised day.
Your sun now beams with milder, happier
ray ;
Creation brightens ; its gray mountains stand
Clad with fresh verdure ; all its fields are
gay.
The poison quits its blood ; wrath's iron hand
Lets go the pressure of the fatal band.
The soil is free ; the curse has ceased to slay ;
And the new earth puts on her glorious array.

—o—

UPWARD.

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent, in their turning
Round the never-changing pole ;

Upward, where the sky is brightest,
Upward, where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there !

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes ;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him ;
With His name the city rings.

Blessing, honour, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

TO MY TEMPTER.

FAIR sin, tempt me not ;
Tempt me not, fair sin !
Thy loveliness is false,
False is thy loveliness :
Tempter, away !

Sweet sin, kiss me not ;
Kiss me not, sweet sin !
Thy kiss is fire and woe,
Fire and woe thy kiss :
Kisser, begone !

Bright sin, love me not ;
Love me not, bright sin !
Dark to me is thy love,
Thy love dark to me :
Lover, farewell !

Eloquent sin, hush ;
Hush, eloquent sin !
Thy eloquence is vain,
Vain thy eloquence :
Sophist, begone !

—o—

THE WALK OF FAITH.

LIGHT hath arisen, we walk in its brightness ;
Joy hath descended, its fulness has come ;

Peace hath been spoken, we hear it, we take it;
Angels are singing, and shall we be dumb?

Calm 'mid the tempest around us that rages,
'Mid the lone weariness ever at rest;
Silent amid the rude uproar of voices,
Sometimes disquieted, never opprest.

Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought
us,
Rich in the life which He gives to His own;
Filled with the peace passing all understanding,
Never less lonely than just when alone.

Bright 'mid the thickest of earth's rolling
shadows,
Light of the glory still playing around;
Sunshine at midnight, fair noon in the twilight,
When the dark mist-gloom lies dull on the
ground.

Safe in His strength, in His love ever happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings of
time?

Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever clinging,
Upward, still upward, we buoyantly climb.

High on the rock, in our fortress sure sheltered,
Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in vain;
Buckler and shield is He, what can alarm us?
What tho' the fiery darts shower like the
rain?

Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow ;
Life is no slumber, our battle no dream :
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally ;
Wave high Thy sword, we press on in its
gleam.

Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour almighty ;
Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free ;
Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the hungry ;
Jesus our all, lo, we lean upon Thee !

What are the shadows around us still floating ?
Sunshine is glowing all brightly above :
Heed not the height of the cliffs we are climb-
ing,
From them we gaze on the land that we love.

—o—

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

Fœno jacere pertulit,
Præsepe non abhorruit,
Parvoque lacte pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.—OLD HYMN.

LO, God, our God, has come !
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Bless, bless the blessed morn !
O happy, lowly, lofty birth,
Now God, our God, has come to earth !

Rejoice, our God has come !
In love and lowliness ;
The Son of God has come
The sons of men to bless.
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

Praise ye the Word made flesh !
True God, true man is He.
Praise ye the Christ of God !
To Him all glory be.
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
Praise ye the King that comes to reign.

—o—

THE WORK THAT SAVES.

DONE is the work that saves,
Once and for ever done ;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one.
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

The sacrifice is o'er,
The veil is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain ;
Why stand ye then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

The gate is open wide ;
The new and living way
Is clear and free and bright,
With love and peace and day.
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home

Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within ;
The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean.
With boldness let us now draw near ;
That blood has banished every fear.

Then to the Lamb once slain
Be glory, praise, and power,
Who died and lives again,
Who liveth evermore ;
Who loved and washed us in His blood,
Who made us kings and priests to God !

—o—

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

TO Him who formed the heaven of heavens,
Where His glory dwelleth ;
Who lighted up each star of even,
Which that glory telleth ;
Who stretched that arch of blue above,
That plain of blue below ;
Who built the everlasting hills,
And bade the rivers flow :

To Him who made us what we are,
And loved us all so well,
Whose thoughts are thoughts of boundless
grace,
Beyond what lip can tell,—
To Him, to Him be praise,
Now and thro' endless days !

To Him in whom we live and move,
In whom we have our being ;
To Him whose glory passeth far
All hearing and all seeing ;
Who speaketh, and lo, it is done !
Commands, and all stand fast ;
Who is the everlasting God,
Who is the first and last :
To Him who hath prepared for us
A home and mansion bright,
The kingdom never to be moved,
The heritage of light,—
To Him be glory given,
By all in earth and heaven !

—o—

DIVINE PEACE.

PEACE upon peace, like wave on wave,
This is the portion that I crave,—
The peace of God, which passeth thought,
The peace of Christ, which changeth not.

Peace like the river's gentle flow,
Peace like the morning's silent glow,
From day to day, in love supplied,
An endless and unebbing tide.

Peace flowing on, without decrease,
From Him who is our joy and peace,
Who, by His reconciling blood,
Hath made the sinner's peace with God.

Peace thro' the night and thro' the day,
Peace thro' all windings of our way,
In pain and toil and weariness,
A deep and everlasting peace.

O King of peace, this peace bestow
Upon a stranger here below!
O God of peace, thy peace impart
To every troubled trembling heart!

Peace from the Father and the Son,
Peace from the Spirit, all His own;
Peace that shall never more be lost,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

—o—

THE WHITE RAIMENT.

THE babe, the bride, the quiet dead,
Clad in peculiar raiment all,
Yet each puts on the spotless white
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the shrouded dead,
Each entering on an untried home,
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,
We take it as the symbol true;
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,
That diapason of the light;
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite.

But purity of perfect light,
Its native, undivided ray;
All that is best of moon and sun,
The purest of the dawn and day.

O cradle of our youngest age,
Adorned with white, how fair art thou!
O robe of infancy, how bright!
Like moonlight on the moorland snow.

O bridal hall, and bridal robe,
How silver bright your jewelled gleam!
Like sunrise on the gentle face
Of some translucent mountain-stream.

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,
Like starlight upon marble fair!

Ah, surely it is life, not death,
That in still beauty sleepeth there !

Mine be a robe more spotless still,
With lustre bright that cannot fade,
Purer and whiter than the robe
Of babe, or bride, or quiet dead.

Mine be the raiment given of God,
Wrought of fine linen clean and white,
Fit for the eye of God to see,
Meet for His home of holy light.



THERE LAID THEY JESUS.

REST, weary Son of God ! and I, with
Thee,
Rest in that rest of Thine.
My weariness was Thine ; Thou barest it,
And now Thy rest is mine.

Rest, weary Son of God ! we joy to think
That all Thy toil is done :
No ache, no pang, no sigh for Thee again ;
Thy joy is now begun.

Thy life on earth was one sad weariness ;
Nowhere to lay Thine head :
Thy days were toil and heat ; Thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain bed.

How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now !

Thy rest how still and deep !

O'er Thee in love the Father rests; He gives
To His beloved sleep.

On Bethel-pillow now Thy head is laid,

In Joseph's rock-hewn cell ;

Thy watchers are the angels of Thy God,

They guard Thy slumbers well.

With Thee Thy God and Father still abides,

And Thou art not alone :

He in that still, dark chamber is with Thee,

The well-beloved Son.

Oh, silent, silent is Thy earthly tomb !

The raging of Thy foes

Is ended all; nor Jew nor Roman now

Can ruffle Thy repose.

No rabble roar, nor din, nor scoff,

Can reach Thy holy ear ;

Hatred may shout, or love draw near to weep,

But nought now canst Thou hear.

Rest, weary Son of God ! Thy work is done,

And all Thy burdens borne ;

Rest on that stone, till the third sun has
brought

Thine everlasting morn.

Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,

Upon the throne above,

Rise, weary Son of man, to carry out
Thy glorious work of love.

Ours may be yet a way of strife and toil,
But Thou from all art free ;
Our future is an unknown weariness,
But all is well with Thee.

—o—

HEART AND LIP.

HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day ;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
And trustful when I pray.
Thy words are true to me ;
Let mine to Thee be true,
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few.

True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief.
Lord, I believe, oh hear my cry ;
Help Thou mine unbelief !

COME UNTO ME.

A SINFUL man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee;
To Thee the Holy and the Just,
That Thou mayest pity me.

Wert Thou not holy, Lord,
Why should I come to Thee?
It is Thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

Wert Thou not gracious, Lord,
I must in dread depart;
It is the riches of Thy grace
That win and draw my heart.

Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,
I dare not come to Thee;
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,
Alone that suiteth me.

Our God is love,—we come;
Our God is light,—we stay;
Abiding ever in His word,
And walking in His way.

Mercy and truth are His,
Unchanging faithfulness;
The cross is all our boast and trust,
And Jesus is our peace.

We give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore ;
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.

—o—

AS MANY AS TOUCHED HIM.

HE came a leper, all unclean and foul ;
He left as fresh as freshest infancy :
So come I to Thy feet, unclean in soul ;
So leave I, Lord, cleansed and restored by
Thee.

“ Lord, if Thou willest, Thou canst make me
clean ! ”

He knew the *power*,—the *love* he did not
know.

That power he sought, nor pleaded he in vain ;
The love he knew not came in fullest flow.

Both power and love are in Thee plenteous
still ;

As full for me as they were once for him.
Still, Lord, I hear Thee saying now, “ I will ; ”
Let not my ear be dull, my eye be dim.

I touch Thee, and am cured ! No touch of
mine

Can render Thee impure, whatever be
The foulness of the hand that touches Thine :
Thee it defiles not, yet it cleanses me.

I touch Thee, and the electric current flows;
My touch has all Thy skill and power revealed:

Thee I infect not with my sins or woes,
And yet by touching Thee my soul is healed.

It gives to Thee my sickness, and to me
Imparts Thy health; my evil Thou dost bear,
And I Thy good; all my iniquity
From me Thou takest, I Thy beauty wear.

That touch to me is paradise restored;
It is to me the very gate of heaven:
Thou art my health, my happiness, O Lord;
In Thee I stand, delivered and forgiven.

Give to my being heavenly strength and youth
Make all the powers of this my healed soul
Inlets of light, of holiness, and truth:
Thy love has healed me, and I shall be whole.

—o—

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

ON Thee, O Jesus, strongly leaning,
I calmly onward go;
No cloud, no coldness intervening,
To damp love's blessed glow.
In Thee for ever, Lord, abiding,
I feel that all is well;
Within Thy love for ever hiding,
Who can my gladness tell?

True Light of light, for ever shining,
I hail Thy happy ray;
Bright Sun of suns, still undeclining,
'Tis Thou who mak'st my day!
Without Thee life and time are sadness,
No fragrance breathes around;
But with Thee even grief is gladness,
My heart its home hath found.

In Thee my soul is sweetly resting,
My hand takes hold of Thine;
My hope is ever upward hasting;
And Thou, and Thou, art mine!
My refuge from each storm that rages,
From wind, and wave, and war;
My home throughout eternal ages,
Above yon sparkling star!

My hope, my joy, my peace, my glory,
My first, my last, my all;
Great theme of the unending story
In yon celestial hall.
Great theme above, of song and wonder,
In ages yet to come;
True theme below, while here we wander,
Alas, how cold and dumb!

—o—

MY PILGRIMAGE.

TRUSTINGLY, trustingly,
Jesus, to Thee

Come I; Lord, lovingly
Come Thou to me !
Then shall I lovingly,
Then shall I joyfully,
Walk here with Thee.

Peacefully, peacefully,
Walk I with Thee;
Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
All, all, to me.
Peace Thou hast left to us,
Thy peace hast given to us,
So let it be.

Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I above?
What have I left on earth?
Only Thy love !
Come then, O Saviour, come ;
Come then, O Spirit, come,
Heavenly dove.

Happily, happily,
Pass I along,
Eager to work for Thee,
Earnest and strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.

Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go ;

Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow.

—o—

PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT.

ALMIGHTY Comforter and friend,
Eternal Spirit, now descend,
Fill us from Thy heavenly store !
Thou art the Church's holy guest,
Earnest of her eternal rest,
Let us grieve Thee never more !

Great Promise of the Father, come,
The Church's fading lamps relume ;
Come, rekindle joy and love !
Wisdom, and truth, and love are Thine,
Life, light, and holiness divine ;
Shed Thy gifts down from above !

Witness of Him who died and rose,
Who, as the conqueror of our foes,
Took His seat upon the throne ;
Great gift of Jesus glorified,
Revealer of the Crucified,
Unto us reveal the Son !

THE CROSS.

BY the cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace !
Health from yonder tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessed Sufferer's face.

Here the holy, happy greeting,
Here the calm and joyful meeting,
God with man in glad accord.
Love that cross to us is telling,
Darkness, doubt, and fear dispelling,—
Love in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made.
Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded :
Peace with God now makes us glad.

All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear.
Strength like dew is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling,
Life eternal, only here.

Here the living water welleteth,
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.

This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
This the very gate of heaven !



OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

HOME of holy light,
Star-land ever bright,
Realm of joy and peace,
City of pure bliss,
Hail we thy soft beams afar,
Our soul's true morning-star.
Shine earth's mists away,
Bring the long, fair day !

Jesus is thy Sun,
Dimness thou hast none ;
He the Lamb once slain,
Theme of each glad strain,
Blessing, honour, wisdom, power,
Be His for evermore !
This the song they sing,
Praising their high King.

Robes of festival
Wear thy dwellers all ;
Sin can never come
Into that dear home ;
Frown, nor fear, nor sigh, nor strife,
Disturb the joyous life.

Port of calm at last,
Every storm long past.

Earth's forgotten dreams,
Shades or golden gleams ;
Earth's forgotten hours,
Sunshine or sad showers ;
 Earth's forgotten tears, so long
 That marred time's rising song,
Come no more, no more,
On that fair, fair shore!

Hail, dear home of rest,
Palace of the blest,
Hall of hymn and psalm,
Seat of deep true calm,
 Thee we greet with longing love,
 Greet thou us from above!
Happy, happy seat,
Where the long-lost meet!

From the throne we hear
Heavenly voices clear ;
"Come up hither all,"
Ringeth the loud call,
 All who bear the cross below,
 Who follow Jesus now.
Answer we again,
"Yea, Amen, Amen."

CONFESSION AND PEACE.

NO, not despairingly
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me;
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson has been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin:
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
Loved though unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

—o—

ALMOST HOME.

FROM earth retiring,
Heavenward aspiring,
All my long day's work below now done;
Calmly reclining,
All unrepining,
Jesus, let me lean on Thy love alone.

On love relying,
Thy love undying,
Not a shade can fall upon my soul;
Here am I resting,
The joy foretasting
Of the life beyond this life's dark goal.

Thine arms embracing,
Each shadow chasing,
Chains of flesh now cease my soul to hold;
Pilgrim staff breaking,
Royal badge taking,
Earth's torn raiment all exchanged for
gold.

No more low caring,
No more wayfaring ;
 These soiled sandals loosed and flung away.
Done with the soiling,
Done with the toiling,
 All my burdens lay I down for aye.

Ended the jarring,
Past all the warring,
 Quit I gladly life's rude war-array.
Victory crying,
Enemies flying,
 Thus my armour put I off for aye.

Pain yet assails me,
Strength oft times fails me,
 Yet my weakness is my strength and rest;
Light o'er me stealing,
Softly revealing
 Scenes of glory up among the blest.

Head no more sinking,
Eyes no more shrinking
 From the world's gay glitter here below ;
Life's cup just draining,
Time's star fast waning :
 Christ Jesus, receive my soul ! To Thee
 I go.

Earth is retreating,
Heaven is me greeting,
 Hope is lighting up new scenes above ;

Tranquilly lying,
Peacefully dying,
Jesus beckons upward to His love.

—o—

RESURRECTION.

SOON this corruptible
Shall from the tomb
Rise incorruptible,
Leaving the gloom.
Soon shall this mortal frame
Spring from its bed of shame,
When Christ hath come.

Bright morn of morns to me,
When I arise,
Leaving the grave behind;
When these dull eyes
Shall my Redeemer see
In immortality,
In yonder skies!

Then shall the glorious hope
Come from on high;
Death shall be swallowed up
In victory.
Then shall we gladly sing,
Death, where is now thy sting,
Thy victory?

Grave, where thy triumph now,
Thy victory?

Where are thy captives now?
Set free, set free !
Torn from thy grasp are they,
Plucked from thy power away,
Set free, set free !

Thanks, then, to God our Lord,
Thanks ever be !
Praises to Christ our Lord
For ever be !
Who o'er the mortal gloom,
Who o'er the hateful tomb,
Gives victory.

—o—

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

THEY hear His voice !
It is their Shepherd's, and they know it
well ;
They follow Him
Where'er He leads, Shepherd of Israel !

A stranger-voice
They know not, love not, follow not, but flee:
One voice alone
Attracts; 'tis His who said, "Come unto
me."

He knows His sheep ;
He counts them, and He calleth them by
name.

He goes before ;

They follow as He leads, through flood or
flame.

He leads them out

Into the pastures green, by waters still ;

He leads them in,

And guards them safe, within the fold,
from ill.

O wise and good,

O strong and loving One, mighty to save,

Thine own Thou wilt

Still keep, and bring them up from the
dark grave.

No want is theirs ;

Thy fulness at their side doth ever stand :

No peril theirs ;

For none can ever pluck them from Thy
hand.

And when this day

Of storm and scattering is ended here,

Thou wilt them bring

To greener pastures, and to streams more
clear.

Amen, Amen !

Good Shepherd, hasten Thou that glorious
day,

When we shall all

In the one fold abide with Thee for aye.

Thou in the midst,
And we delivered from all fear and sin ;
No hunger more,
No thirst, nor heat, upon these plains of
green.

O Lamb of God,
True Shepherd and true Lamb, Thou both
in one,
Us lead, us feed,
Till, all our wanderings done, we reach
the throne!

—o—

INTERCESSION.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love ;

When the proud man in his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair ;

When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.



*IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT
WE SHALL BE.*

THE gems of earth are still within
Her silent unwrought mines;
There hide they, all unknown, unseen;
No sparkle upward shines.

The stars of heaven, how few and wan
Are all we see below,

Compared with what remain unseen
Beyond all vision now !

Who knows the untold brilliance there,
The wealth, the beauty hid,
Like sparkle of a lustrous eye
Beneath its veiling lid !

So with the heaven of better stars,
Of which these are but signs ;
So with the stores of wisdom hid
In everlasting mines.

For what we shall in that day be
It doth not yet appear ;
But when we see Him as He is,
We shall His likeness wear.



PRESSING ON.

THIS is the day of toil,
Beneath earth's sultry noon ;
This is the day of service true,
But the rest cometh soon.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

Serve we our God in faith,
No work for Him is vain ;

Blessed and holy is the toil,
And infinite the gain.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

Spend and be spent would we,
While lasteth time's brief day ;
No turning back in coward fear,
No lingering by the way.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

No fear of man or fiend,
No shrinking from the cross ;
We know what we have left behind,
We know the gain and loss.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

Onward we press in haste,
Upward our journey still ;
Ours is the path the Master trod,
Through good report and ill.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

We have forsaken all,
Jesus, to follow Thee ;
We counted well the cost, O Lord,
We pay it cheerfully.
Hallelujah !
There remains a rest for us.

The way may rougher grow,
The weariness increase;
We gird our loins and hasten on,
The end, the end is peace.
Hallelujah!
There remains a rest for us.

*WE FOLLOW THEE.*

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word,
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,
We follow Thee.

In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

Strengthened by Thee, we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe;
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

Great Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

Thou hast passed on before our face,
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
Oh keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth save Thee to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move:
We follow Thee.



THE COMFORT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

WHEN the leaves of life are falling,
When the shadows flit appalling,
When the twilight voice is calling,
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When youth's verdure all is fading,
When I pass into the shading,
Life's long load at last unlading,
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the frost of time has found me,
When the chains of age have bound me,
When the evening mists surround me,
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

When the worn-out flesh is sinking,
 When from burdens it is shrinking,
 And from earthly ties unlinking,
 Mighty Spirit, comfort !

When the gates of life are closing,
 All its lattice-bolts unloosing,
 And the spirit seeks reposing,
 Mighty Spirit, comfort !

When these skies look wan and dreary,
 When the inner man is weary,
 Worn out by the adversary,
 Mighty Spirit, comfort !

When the once keen eye is failing,
 When the stedfast heart is quailing,
 Flesh, and fiend, and world assailing,
 Mighty Spirit, comfort !

When past sins are flocking round me,
 When the fiery arrows wound me,
 As if hell would then confound me,
 Mighty Spirit, comfort !

When I think on manhood wasted,
 Cups of pleasure vilely tasted,
 Holy longings madly blasted,
 Mighty Spirit, comfort !

When my farewells I am taking,
And these lower rooms forsaking,
To my upper home betaking,
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Holy Spirit, strength in weakness,
Holy Spirit, health in sickness,
Give me comfort, patience, meekness :
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

Ah, Thou wilt not then forsake me,
Strong in weakness Thou wilt make me,
To Thy bosom Thou wilt take me :
Mighty Spirit, comfort!

*ETERNAL WATER-BROOKS.*

ETERNAL water-brooks,
Fed by no earthly rain,
Nor sublunary dew,
In dales or mountain-nooks ;
Whose springs are not the inconstant clouds,
Nor the deep's perilous blue,
Nor the cold ice-rocks of the cliff,
Nor the chill moorland, where the flowers
are few,—
Rivers of joy and life,
Far from our storm and strife,
My spirit thirsts for you!

Across no desert waste
Wanders your happy flood,
O'er no volcanic fire
Ye take your trembling road ;
But through the meadows of the blest,
The home of love and God,
Where health and peace and rest
Have their secure abode.

Beneath no human fane
Riseth your crystal stream,
Upon no earthly palaces
Flasheth your golden gleam ;
But from the heavenly throne
Of God and of the Lamb,
The shrine and palace bright
Of Him, the great I AM.

Celestial water-brooks,
Bright with unearthly blue,
Fresh with the living flood of heaven,
Each day, in passing through
This parched wilderness of time,
My spirit thirsts for you !

—o—

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

LOVE not the world !
What is there here to love ?
That which is loveable is not of earth
Fix thou thine eyes above.

The face of time
Is never in one stay ;
The beauty of this fascinating world
Endureth but a day.

Of things below
The best is but a lie ;
The blossoms of the spring and childhood's
buds
Must fade, and fall, and die.

The beautiful,
All bright, and fresh, and gay,
May pass, like sun-gleam through a broken
cloud,
Across thy untried way.

Be not deceived !
Through all this earthly air
A hellish poison pours its deadliness :
The plague of sin is there.

And who shall heal
Or disinfect this air ?
Who disenchant it of the pleasant spell,
Or break the unseen snare ?

Be not deceived !
Into each human vein
Sin penetrates, and we with opiates seek
To soothe the subtle pain.

It dims the eye,
It dulls the inner ear;
It dazzles, and it darkens, and it blinds,
It worketh awe and fear.

It worketh wrath,
And woe, and want, and doom;
It leads us darkly to the second death,
The everlasting tomb.

Love not the world,
Its dreams, its songs, its lies!
They who have followed in its train are not
The true, and good, and wise.

The wise and good,
They chose the better part;
To the true world that is to come, they gave
The true and single heart.

Love not the world!
He in whose heart the love
Of vanity has found a place, shuts out
Th' enduring world above.

Love not the world,
However fair it seem!
Who loveth this fond world, the love of God
Abideth not in him.

That heart of thine
For God, thy God, was made:

Who loves this God of love, he only lives;
Who loveth not, is dead.

Though this wide earth,
With all its love and gold,
Were his, yet still he liveth not whose heart
To God is sealed and cold.

Seek not the world !
'Tis a vain show at best ;
Bow not before its idol-shrine ; in God
Find thou thy joy and rest.

—o—

COULD YE NOT WATCH?

COULD ye not watch
One hour, one hour with me,
Beloved, in this solitude,
In my deep agony?
Could ye not watch?
Could ye not give to me
That which my human spirit craves,
Your human sympathy?

How will ye watch
In the world's dazzling day,
In its hot slumb'rous atmosphere,
When I am far away?
How will ye watch
In after days alone,

When left without a master here,
Lover and friend all gone?

If sleep ye will
In this Gethsemane,
Poor watchers with an absent Lord
Will ye not elsewhere be?
Why sleep ye now?
Beloved, rise and pray;
He that betrayeth is at hand:
Watch, then, while watch ye may!

The hour and power
Of darkness now is come;
The Shepherd smitten is at length,
And ye, the sheep, must roam.
What! sleep ye now,
Children of light and day?
In ease and sloth do ye thus fling
Your dying hours away?

Oh watch and pray,
Lest enemies assail,
And, when the evil days draw on,
Your faith give way and fail.
Watch, then, and pray!
See the dark tempter's snare!
He lurks to smite, or to seduce;
Oh watch, then, unto prayer!

He comes, he smiles,
As angel of the light,

Yet ruler of the darkness he,
And prince of this world's night.
He comes, he speaks !
And still the ancient lie
Is on his lips, to lure and cheat,—
“ Ye shall not surely die.”

God of this world,
He decks his kingdom well ;
It looks all pure and beautiful,
Seen through his radiant spell.
As light shuts out
Each everlasting star,
So does the light of his false noon
The worlds that shine afar.

Cheat not thyself ;
Miss not the one true day ;
The end of all things is at hand,
Oh wake, and watch, and pray !

—o—

GIVE GLORY.

Psallat altitudo cœli,
Psallant omnes angeli,
Quicquid est virtutis usquam
Psallat in laudem Dei.
Nulla linguarum silescat
Vox et omnis personet
Sæculorum sæculis.—OLD HYMN.

TO the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,

God of heaven, and earth, and sea,
Blessing, praise, and glory be.

To the name of Christ the Lord,
Son of God, incarnate Word,
Christ, by whom all things were made,
Be an endless honour paid.

To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.

This, the song of ages past,
Song that shall for ever last,
Let the ages yet to be
Join the joyful melody.

Glorious is our God the Lord;
Praises, then, with one accord
To His holy name be given,
By the sons of earth and heaven.

—o—

LIGHT FOR WORK.

LORD, give me light to do Thy work;
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.
In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light

The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.

In word, and plan, and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.
The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray.
Oh send me light to do Thy work!
More light, more wisdom give!
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

So shall success be mine, in spite
Of feebleness in me;
Beyond all disappointment then
And failure I shall be.
The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

THANKFUL MEMORIES.

I LOOK along the past, and gather themes
For praise to Thee, my ever-gracious God;
It is a past of mercy, and it teems
With goodness at each step along the road.

Not always gladness and prosperity,
But always goodness from Thy patient hand;
Always the love that, even in saddest day,
Traced its clear prints upon time's silent sand.

I thank Thee for a holy ancestry;
I bless Thee for a godly parentage;
For seeds of truth, and light, and purity,
Sown in this heart from childhood's earliest
age.

For word, and church, and watchful ministry,
The beacon and the tutor and the guide;
For the parental hand, and lip, and eye,
That kept me far from snares on every side.

I thank Thee for a true and noble creed,
For wisdom, poetry, and gentle song;
For the bright flower, and for the wayside
weed,
The friendship of the kind, and brave, and
strong.

I thank the love that kept my life from sin,
Even when my heart was far from God and
truth;

That gave me, for a lifetime's heritage,
The purities of unpolluted youth;

That kept my eyes from gazing on the wrong,
And taught them all the sweetness of the
right;

That made me in my quiet hours to long
To get beyond this darkness into light;

That showed me that the world was not a rest,
Even when it looked the loveliest, and its
face

Shone with the gladness of the glowing east,
When it foretells a noon of cloudlessness;

That told me that all pomp was but a name,
That gold and silver were not life and joy;
That what to-day bestowed of love or fame,
To-morrow's breath would wither and de-
stroy;

That kept me from the riotous and rude,
The oath, the lust, the revel, the lewd song;
That drew my footsteps to the wise and good,
And bid me shun the pleasure-loving throng;

That made me feel, even amid scenes most
bright,

At times a strange dark void and vacancy,
A longing for the real and infinite,
For something that would fill and satisfy;

For suns that would not set; for stars and skies
O'er which no sorrow-laden cloud would
sweep;
Beauty that lives, and love that never dies;
A deeper and diviner fellowship.

If earthly beauty, said I, be so fair,
How fairer far the beautiful above!
If creature love be so exceeding dear,
How dearer far the uncreated love!

O birth-place of the loveliness and light,
That shine so sweetly over earth and sea!
How excellent must Thou, the infinite,
Eternal Source of all that beauty, be!

Show me Thyself, then all is well with me,
Being of beings, fulness evermore;
Then shall my soul possess, my God, in Thee
Its never-emptying, everlasting store.

So shall the world be crucified to me,
So to the world shall I be crucified;
Thy face in righteousness, Lord, I shall see;
When I awake, I shall be satisfied.

—o—

FOLLOW ME.

MATT. iv. 21, 22.

HE called them, and they left,
Forsook for Him their all;

They heard the voice and followed Him,
Submissive to His call.
His one command prevails,
No second word they need;
His voice has proved omnipotent:
They walk as He may lead.

They follow to the cross,
They follow to the crown,
Planting their footsteps upon His,
Making His path their own.
Their cross at once they take,
And follow Him, their Lord,
Confessing true discipleship,
And listening to His word.

With faces Salem-ward,
Through good report and ill,
They gird themselves for war and toil,
Upward and onward still.
To work the work of God,
To breathe for Him their breath,
For Him to spend and to be spent,
Facing all fear and death.

Dreading no enemy,
With Christ upon their side,
Enduring hardness, shunning all
Of self and sloth and pride.
Content to sow in hope,
In patience and in pain,

Sure of a harvest yet to come,
And labour not in vain.

Forgetting all behind,
They press on to the prize,
Keeping the crown that fadeth not
Ever before their eyes.
Grasping the recompense,
Counting all loss but gain;
Glad with their Lord to suffer here,
That with Him they may reign.



NOT TO SELF.

NOT to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.

The time past of our lives
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Hath to us ever brought.

No longer is our life
A thing unused or vain;
To us, even here, to live is Christ,
To us to die is gain.

Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;

Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

When He who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like His own.

He liveth, and we live !
His life for us prevails ;
His fulness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store ;
So death is swallowed up of life ;
We live for evermore.

Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then,
Our sky without a cloud or mist,
Ourselves without a stain.

Like Him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified ;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.

Not to ourselves we live,
Not to ourselves we die ;
Unto the Lord we die or live ;
With Him we sit on high.

We seek the things above,
For we are only His;
Like Him we soon shall be, for we
Shall see Him as He is.

—o—

GLORY TO GOD.

TO Jehovah, God of might,
Everlasting, infinite,
Dwelling in His boundless heaven,
Be eternal glory given !
His the power, the love, the light,
His the day and His the night,
His the happy blue on high,
Earth's green round of spring and joy.

Darkness with its unseen smile,
Light that cheers our daily toil,
Midnight with its silent love,
Brooding o'er us from above,
Rivers with their gentle song,
Sea-waves with their smiling throng,
Forests bending to the breeze,
Calm and tempest,—all are His.

Life with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and nigh,
Gleams of glad eternity,
Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole,

Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence,—all are His.

Let us then our honour bring
To this mighty Lord and King;
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue;
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of light;
To His name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise.

—o—

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

LOVE thou the truth,
And speak the truth in love:
The wisdom pure and peaceable
Descendeth from above.

Hate thou the lie;
Yet without bitterness
Thy hatred of its evil speak,
Only to teach and bless.

Let not the stain
Of angry human breath
The heavenly mirror soil or dim,
Disturbing peace and faith.

All violence
Of soul, or pen, or tongue,

Not strength nor greatness is at all,
But feebleness and wrong.

Overbear none;
Trust not in sword or rod :
Man's feverish wrath commendeth not
The tranquil truth of God.

The error hate,
But love the erring one :
God's love it was that brought thee back
When thou astray wert gone.

Buy thou the truth,
And sell it not again :
Count thou no price too great for it;
Part with it for no gain.

All truth is calm,
Refuge and rock and tower :
The more of truth, the more of calm;
Its calmness is its power.

Truth is not strife,
Nor is to strife allied;
It is the error that is bred
Of storm, by rage and pride.

Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still :
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm,
Like some eternal hill.

DENY THYSELF.

THOU must deny thyself,
And take up now thy cross,
Choosing the narrow gate and way,
Counting all gain but loss.

Lay every weight aside,
And, for the appointed race,
Gird up thy loins; press on and up,
Quickening thy tardy pace.

Watch and be sober still,
Ye who have known the way;
Not sons of midnight or of gloom,
But of the light and day.

No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show;
Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
Of life, thou must not know.

Fix ye your hearts where He,
Your Lord, hath His abode;
For ye are dead, and now your life
Is hid with Christ in God.

Yes, dead with Christ are ye,
And risen with Him each one;
Seated with Him at God's right hand,
Upon the heavenly throne.

Dead to the world then be,
 Its gaiety and pride;
 To its vain pomp and beauty be
 For ever crucified.

Him whom ye love it smote,
 The Christ that died for you;
 Love not the world that hated Him,
 The world thy Lord that slew.

Bright is the world to come,
 It will you well repay;
 So shall ye be true sons of God,
 And children of the day.

—o—

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

Se nascens dedit socium,
 Convalescens in edulium,
 Se moriens in pretium,
 Se regnans dat in præmium.—OLD HYMN.

THE Christ, the Son of God, hath died !
 In life, in death, our surety He;
 Within the tomb of rock He lay,
 And with Him in that grave were we.

The Christ, the Son of God, now lives !
 Death could not hold Him in its power;
 He rose on the appointed morn,
 And we were with Him in that hour.

The Christ, the Son of God, hath left
 This earth, and to the Father gone;

With Him ascended we on high,
With Him are we upon His throne.

The Christ, the Son of God, from heaven
Looks down upon this evil earth;
And we with Him are looking down,
Waiting creation's second birth.

Our hearts are on the things above,
Where He doth sit, and we with Him;
Heaven is around us with its light,
And earth is distant all and dim.

The time of reigning is not yet,
And yet we feel as it had come;
The pilgrim journey is not past,
And yet we feel as if at home.

Strange mixture of the low and high,
Of strife and peace, of earth and heaven,
The cross and crown, the bright and dark,—
'Tis night, 'tis noon; 'tis morn, 'tis even.

Still in the flesh we burdened groan;
Our strength is small, our friends are few;
Yet we are risen and glorified,
Old things have passed, all things are new.

Our life is hid with Christ in God;
When He who is our life descends,
That hidden life shall be unveiled
In beauty that all thought transcends.

And we shall see Him as He is,
And we shall know as we are known,—
His bride, His love, His undefiled,
The sharers of His endless throne.

The day when He, the Son of God,
Once more upon this earth appears,
Shall be the last of time's dark course,
The first of the eternal years.

The day when He, the living One,
In glory and in light shall come,
From every grave shall burst a song,
And death-sealed lips no more be dumb.

Where, where, O death, is now thy sting?
And where, O grave, thy victory?
Death has been swallowed up in life,
The grave in immortality.

—o—

HE COMES.

THE Master is come, and calleth;
He speaketh in grace to thee:
Dost thou not hear Him calling,
“Arise, and follow me?”
He comes for the great rewarding
Of the work here for Him done,
And He crowneth His faithful servants
With His everlasting crown.

The Bridegroom is come, and calleth;
He comes, He can tarry no more;

He comes for the marriage-supper,
With the marriage joy in store.
Arise, and follow me quickly!
Thus He speaketh to thee aloud;
Arise, and ascend in brightness
Into that glorious cloud.

Quit now at last the chamber
Of long and loathsome gloom,
For the splendour of my pavilion;
The marriage-day is come.
The Judge is come, and He calleth
Before Him the sons of men;
Long, long has His voice been sounding,
It sounds for the last again.

Its echoes across the ages
Have been sounding for judgment long,
As the noise of the many waters,
As the voice of archangel strong.
'Tis the time of the great enthroning,
'Tis the day of wrath and doom;
'Tis the day of power and terror,
And the sons of men are dumb.

*MY HIGH PRIEST.*

I NEED no priest save Him who is above,
No altar but the heavenly mercy-seat;
Through these there flows to me the pardoning
love,
And thus in holy peace my God I meet.

I need no blood but that of Golgotha,
No sacrifice save that which, on the tree,
Was offered once, without defect or flaw,
And which, unchanged, availeth still for me.

I need no vestments save the linen white
With which my High Priest clothes my filthy
soul;
He shares with me His seamless raiment bright,
And I in Him am thus complete and whole.

I leave to those who love the gay parade,
The gold, the purple, and the scarlet dye;
Mine be the robe which cannot rend or fade,
For ever fair in the eternal eye.

I need no pardon save of Him who says,
"Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace;"
My Counsellor, Confessor, Guide he is,
My joy in grief, in bondage my release.

Forgiven through Him who died and rose on high,
My conscience from dead works thus purged
and clean,
I serve the service of true love and joy,
And live by faith upon a Christ unseen.

—9—

THE CRY OF THE NEEDED.

HOLY Father, mighty God,
Fountain of all blessing,

Hear us when on Thee we call,
Thy great name confessing !
Well-spring of all peace and grace,
Give us to behold Thy face.

Holy Saviour, Son of God,
Fulness of all blessing,
Save us when to Thee we come,
Thy great name confessing !
Grant us heavenly joy and rest ;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

Holy Spirit, light and love,
Giver of all blessing,
Shine on us when thus we come,
Thy great name confessing !
Mighty Comforter, impart
Comfort to the troubled heart.

—o—

THE HEAVENWARD MARCH.

WE leave now behind us
The world and its crowd,
We set now before us
The home of our God.
We take up our cross now
To follow the Lamb ;
We close round His banner,
For glory or shame.

We take up the armour
Our Captain hath given,

The sword and the breastplate,
The helmet of heaven.
In faith thus defying
The foe and the sin,
We fight our life's battle;
We fight and we win.

—o—

*THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH
BETTER THINGS.*

NO, not the love without the blood,—
That were to me no love at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,
Nor hush the fears which me appal.

I need the love, I need the blood,
I need the grace, the cross, the grave;
I need the resurrection power,
A soul like mine to purge and save.

The love I need is righteous love,
Inscribed on the sin-bearing tree;
Love that exacts the sinner's debt,
Yet in exacting sets him free.

Love that condemns the sinner's sin,
Yet in condemning pardon seals;
That saves from righteous wrath, and yet,
In saving, righteousness reveals.

Love boundless as Jehovah's self,
Love holy as His righteous law;

Love unsolicited, unbought,
The love proclaimed on Golgotha.

This is the love that calms my heart,
That soothes each conscience-pang within,
That pacifies my guilty dread,
And frees me from the power of sin.

The love that blotteth out each stain,
That plucketh hence each deadly sting,
That fills me with the peace of God,
Unseals my lips and bids me sing.

The love that liberates and saves,
That this poor straitened soul expands,
That lifts me to the heaven of heavens,
The shrine above, not made with hands

The love that quickens into zeal,
That makes me self-denied and true,
That leads me out of what is old,
And brings me into what is new.

That purifies, and cheers, and calms,
That knows no change and no decay;
The love that loves for evermore,
Celestial sunshine, endless day.

—o—

THE BOOK OF GOD.

THY thoughts are here, my God,
Expressed in words divine,

The utterance of heavenly lips
In every sacred line.

Across the ages they
Have reached us from afar;
Than the bright gold more golden they,
Purer than purest star.

More durable they stand
Than the eternal hills;
Far sweeter and more musical
Than music of earth's rills.

Fairer in their fair hues
Than the fresh flowers of earth;
More fragrant than the fragrant climes
Where odours have their birth.

Each word of Thine a gem
From the celestial mines;
A sunbeam from that holy heaven
Where holy sunlight shines.

Thine, Thine, this book, though given
In man's poor human speech,
Telling of things unseen, unheard,
Beyond all human reach.

No strength it craves or needs
From this world's wisdom vain;
No filling up from human wells,
Or sublunary rain.

No light from suns of time,
Nor brilliance from its gold;
It sparkles with its own glad light,
As in the ages old.

A thousand hammers keen
With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it in rage and hate,
Have struck this gem in vain.

Against this sea-swept rock
Ten thousand storms their will
Of foam and rage have wildly spent;
It lifts its calm face still.

It standeth and will stand,
Without or change or age,
The word of majesty and light,
The Church's heritage.

—o—

BRING THE BRIGHT DAY.

BRING the bright day to me,
Light up its joy within;
Thy heavenly sunshine, Lord,
In all its joy pour in.

Pour in Thy heavenly health,
Remove all pain and ill;
With strength divine and true,
My feeble being fill.

Fill, and it shall be filled,
 This empty soul of mine;
 With Thy all-quickenng sap,
 Fill me, Thou living vine.

Thou living vine, me fill,
 Dead though I long have been,
 Until each withered branch
 Shall freshen into green.

Speak but the quickening word,
 And death shall quickly die,
 This mortal is exchanged
 For immortality.

—o—

COMMUNION.

Christusque nobis sit cibus,
 Potusque noster cit Christus,
 Laeti bibamus sobriam
 Ebrietatem Spiritus.—OLD HYMN.

ONE Christ we feed upon, one living Christ,
 Who once was dead, but lives for ever
 now;

One is the cup of blessing which we bless,
 True symbol of the blood which from the
 cross did flow.

Oh feed me daily on the living bread,
 Refresh me hourly with the living wine ;
 Oh satisfy my famished soul with food,
 And quench my thirst with fruit of the
 eternal vine.

Thy flesh is meat indeed, my God and Lord;
Thy blood is drink indeed for evermore:
On Thee alone I feed, of Thee I drink,
That into this sick soul the heavenly health
may pour.

My life, my everlasting life art Thou;
My health, my joy, my strength, I owe to
Thee:
Because Thou livest, I shall also live;
And where Thou art in glory, there I too
shall be.

Thou *with* us, and Thou *in* us,—this is life;
All that the Father is, in Thee we see:
O Christ of God, what art Thou not to us,
And what of wealth is there we may not
find in Thee!

Great All in all, eternal Word made flesh,
Alpha and Omega, creation's King,
The Church's Head, the Church's Bridegroom
too,
Thee, blessed Saviour, Thee we celebrate
and sing.

Chief of ten thousand, lovely and beloved,
The Rose of Sharon, ever fresh and fair,
In Thee is all created beauty found,
All uncreated excellence is truly there.

O Christ, we praise Thee for Thy glory great,
But for Thy death of love we praise Thee most;

We praise Thee, Son of the eternal God,
We praise the Father too, we praise the
Holy Ghost.

—o—

BEAR THOU MY BURDEN.

BEAR Thou my burden, Thou who bar'st
my sin;

Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear:
Oh take them, call them Thine,—yes, Thine,
though mine,
And give me calm repose in hours of fear
and care.

Let me not fret because of evil men;
Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my soul;
Reviled, oh let me not revile again,
And ever let Thy hand my rising warmth
control.

Let not my peace be broken, when the wrong
Conquers the right, but let me still wait on;
The day of right is coming, late, but long,—
Long right beneath the sway of the all-
righteous One.

When truth is overborne, and error reigns,
When clamour lords it over patient love,
Give the brave calmness which from wrath
refrains,
Yet from the steadfast course declines one
foot to move.

When love no refuge finds but silent faith,
When meekness fain would hide its heavy
head ;
When trustful truth, shunning the words of
wrath,
Waits for the day of right, so long, so long
delayed ;

Beneath the load of crosses and of cares,
Of thwarted plans, of rude and spiteful words,
Oh bear me up, when this weak flesh despairs,
And the one arm which faith can lean on is
the Lord's.



THE GIFT OF PEACE.

WE take the peace which He hath won,
The peace which by His cross was
made ;

He is our peace, who maketh one ;
The reconciling blood is shed !

He the long enmity hath slain,
The quarrel between man and God ;
And He, at last, love's righteous reign
Hath stablished by His precious blood.

The night, that on time's primal day
So sadly, suddenly came down,
His rising light hath swept away,—
The midnight and the darkness gone.

We take the triumph He has bought
For us, when He the spoiler slew,
The liberty which He hath brought
From heaven to earth, divine and true.

We take the pardon which He gives,
True root and spring of holy fear ;
We take the life that ever lives,
And enter upon sonship here.

He that believes is not condemned !
This is our watchword and our song ;
Thus unalarmed and unashamed,
In light and joy we pass along.

'Tis God that justifies ! Amen.
Who shall condemn His justified ?
If God be on our side, who then
Can harm those for whom Jesus died ?

He died, but rose, for life was His ;
His resurrection-joy was ours ;
Ours His eternal victories
O'er principalities and powers.

In place of honour and of rest
He sits, our mighty Advocate,
Our names engraven on His breast ;
Who from His love can separate ?

Yes, He hath entered into rest,
And we with Him shall enter there ;

Our place, our home among the blest,
He hath ascended to prepare.

Near hope, and dear ! It says, Be still.
Care, trouble, weariness, depart ;
With thoughts of coming rest, oh fill
Each region of this restless heart !

—o—

LIFE'S PRAISE.

FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor even the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in,
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.
Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones.

Not in the temple-crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

Upon the bed of weariness,
With fevered eye and brain ;
Or standing by another's couch,
Watching the pulse of pain.

Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
With sweet and stedfast will ;
Loving and blessing those who hate,
Returning good for ill.
Surrendering my fondest will
In things or great or small,
Seeking the good of others still,
Nor pleasing self at all.

Fill every part of me with praise ;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me,
Receive the glory due,
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
Be turnèd into song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong.
So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free,
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

POST-COMMUNION HYMN.

NOW in parting, Father, bless us ;
Saviour, still Thy peace bestow ;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from this table go !
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son, and Spirit now !

Bless us here, while still as strangers,
Onward to our home we move ;
Bless us with eternal blessings,
In our Father's house above.
Ever, ever,
Dwelling in the light of love.

—o—

EVER WITH THEE.

NOT in the silence only,
Nor in the solitude,
Let my thoughts rise to Thee in praise.
My God, so great, so good.
But 'mid the din and noise
Of city conflict rude ;
In crowded street, where daily pours
The hurrying multitude.

Not on the mountain only,
Or by the lonely sea ;
Or in the forest's quiet shade,
Let my soul rise to Thee.

But in the hum of men,
Amid the market-crowd,
The press of mammon-worshippers
With voices fierce and loud.

Not in the morning only,
Or midnight calm and still,
When the tired day-breeze lies at rest
On the fir-shaded hill.
But all the bustling day,
'Mid toil and weariness,
Hour crowding upon troubled hour,
Like waves that never cease.

Not on the Sabbath only,
In the dear house of prayer,
Where earthly din cannot intrude,
And only God is there.
But all week long, in spite
Of care and vanity;
That thus, even in the crowd, I may
Be still alone with Thee.



LET US NOT REND IT.

SEAMLESS and fair !
Let us not rend Thy perfect raiment,
Lord !
But ever keep it whole throughout,
Maintaining in Thy Church a blest accord.

Let all be one !

One Church, one faith, one love, one hope,
one joy ;

One Bridegroom, and one holy Bride :

This unity divine let none destroy.

One temple vast !

Builed of living stones by Thine own hand ;

One household, and one brotherhood,

Knit all together by love's perfect band.

Let truth prevail !

Truth ever true, not shifting with the wind.

Walk we in light, as sons of noon,

The shadows that divide us left behind.

Let love prevail !

Love, the most excellent of gifts divine ;

The love that seeketh not her own,

Long-suffering love, all-patient, Lord, like
Thine.

Let love prevail !

The love that envies not, that thinks no ill,

That faileth not, but ever lives,

All things believing, hoping, bearing still.

So be it, Lord !

Even here on earth, where all things broken
lie ;

So shall it be in love's own day,

In love's own kingdom everlastingly.

*UNSPEAKABLE WORDS.**ἄρρητα ῥήματα.*—2 COR. xii. 4.

WORDS then there are in that high
 sphere,
 Where the third heavens spread wide their day,
 Yet words which none below may hear,
 Who still amid this din and darkness stay.

O Eden of the sorrowless,
 The anchorage of weary souls,
 Where the King's city has its place,
 And where the living stream in crystal rolls!

Words then there are, and lips that speak,
 And ears that hear the wondrous tones,
 And hearts that feel but do not break,
 And voices, strange and sweet, of heavenly
 ones.

We hear, and love, and listen still,
 The sounds enchain us as they fall;
 But they are words unspeakable,
 They cannot, must not pass the jasper-wall.

Man may not utter them to man,
 They are for those who gave them birth;
 Not heard in any sphere save one,
 Unfit for listeners on this sinful earth.

By sinless lips to sinless ears,
 From sinless hearts, they named must be;

Not for this land of days and years,
This home of darkness and mortality.

But he who heard the unspeakable
Sure never could forget them more;
He may not speak, but he must feel,
Must brood in secret o'er his hidden store.

A treasure in his deepest heart,
The gold of gold, of gems the gem,
Relics with which he must not part,
Of the far-off and fair Jerusalem.

From that strange hour, when first he heard,
With ears unused to such a sound,
The glorious and unearthly word,
How would he henceforth tread this lower
ground!

Truth upon which his soul may muse,
And musing burn, and burning glow,
But which he must not here disclose,
Nor breathe to fellow-mortal here below.

A man with treasure in his heart,
Imported from the heaven of heaven,
With gladness he may not impart;
For him alone, in grace, divinely given.

The heaven above had been to him
The kindling of a heaven below;
Yet still he gazes on the dim,
And still he dwells amid the sin and woe.

Unutterable words ! Oh how
To know you does the spirit long !
Who spoke you ? In what language too ?
And were ye parable, or psalm, or song ?

And were ye all of things above ?
Or did ye this low earth concern ?
And were ye joy, or were ye love ?
And did ye sweetly soothe, or did ye burn ?

And did ye speak of ages past,
Or tell of ages yet to come ?
Of Him, the eternal First and Last,
What He is yet to do, what He hath done ?

As on the lone and silent hill,
Did ye recall the great decease
Of Golgotha, and Him reveal,—
The risen Christ, the ascended Prince of
peace ?

As 'neath the lonely Patmos sky,
Did ye the coming King proclaim ?
The glory and the victory,
The ending of earth's day of death and
shame ?

And did ye strike the key-note clear
Of the great everlasting psalm,
Yet to be sung by dwellers here,—
Glory to God on high, and to the Lamb ?

It matters not ; the treasure hid
Within that heart shall yet be found ;
To speak, no longer then forbid,
He shall make known the long unuttered
sound.

The notes that died with Him shall rise,
We yet shall hear the treasured strain ;
Each word which now unuttered lies,
Shall all be fully, truly spoken then.

—o—

JUXTA CRUCEM.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear ;
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
IT IS FINISHED ! is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds for ever healing,
And removing every load ;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

Love, its fulness there unfolding,
Stand we here in joy beholding,
To the exiled sons of men ;

Love, the gladness past all naming
 Of an open heaven proclaiming,
 Love, that bids us enter in.

GOD IS LOVE!—we read the writing
 Traced so deeply in the smiting
 Of the glorious Surety there.
 GOD IS LIGHT!—we see it beaming
 Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming,
 So divinely sweet and fair.

Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
 Round thee winds the one great story
 Of this ever-changing earth.
 Centre of the true and holy,
 Grave of human sin and folly,
 Womb of nature's second birth.

—o—

DIVINE LOVE.

O LOVE invisible, yet infinite,
 I cast myself into Thy sure embrace;
 O light of God, shine through this cloudy night;
 O God of light, unveil Thy gladdening face!

Happy in knowing Thee, my Lord and God;
 Happy in finding Thee, my treasure true;
 Happy in following Thee through ill and good,
 In toiling for Thee, and in suffering too.

Clear-written on the cross I read Thy love;
 Thy love is there, and there Thy power I see,

The power that comes with healing from above,
That brings to us a heavenly liberty.

What is the love to me without the cross?
And what the cross without the love, O
Lord?

All sin and weakness I; it is the cross
That to my broken soul doth health afford.

O love that passeth knowledge, thee I need!
Pour in the heavenly sunshine, fill my heart;
Scatter the cloud, the doubting, and the dread,
The joy unspeakable to me impart.

O love that passeth knowledge, shine on me
As through these sunless solitudes I wind;
Brighten my path, give buoyant liberty,
Nerve for the fight, unburden and unbind.



PSALM TO CHRIST.

LORD Jesus Christ, our God and King,
This sacrifice of song we bring,
And Thy name we magnify!
Son of the blessed, Thee we praise!
Ancient of heaven's eternal days,
Thee, O Christ, we glorify!

Blessed and only Potentate,
Thee in our hymns we celebrate,
Son of God and Son of man;

True speaker of the gracious words,
Yet King of kings and Lord of lords,
Faithful and unchanging One!

Great First and Last, the Christ of God,
From Jesse's stem the regal Rod,
Prince of life, and Prince of peace!
Great King of saints and King of kings,
Still night and day Thy Church Thee sings,
Never shall Thy glories cease!

Thee, Thee, we hail, now seen afar,
Herald of day, fair Morning-star,
Light of life, unchanging One;
Bright Day-spring of our clouded sky,
Rising in gladness from on high,
Glorious and unsetting Sun!

Heir of all things, creation's head,
And first-begotten of the dead,
All whose dying now is o'er;
We praise Thee, with the Spirit one,
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Praise we give Thee evermore!

—o—

THE SONG OF THE LAMB.

INTO the heaven of the heavens hath He gone,
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne;
Weareth He now of the kingdom the crown,
Singeth He now the new song with His own.

Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war,
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end,
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His
name,
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower,
Echo His praises and tell of His power.

Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing, and honour, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright;
Son of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever new, ever glad psalm!

Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe, and the harp, and the palm;
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power,
Wisdom, and riches, and strength evermore,

Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

—o—

PRAISE.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

HOLY SLEEP.

JOHN xi. 12.

LORD, if he sleep he shall do well!
How sweet, in such a world as this,
To lie unconscious of each spell
That works our daily weariness.

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
We will not grudge his earlier gain;
Could he now speak, would he not tell
Of joy begun, of ended pain?

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
We would not break his longed-for sleep,
Nor ask him back with us to dwell,
With us to suffer and to weep.

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
The resurrection morn is nigh;
Awake, ye in the dust who dwell,
Awake, ascend with song on high.

How sweet to shut out time and sense,
Visions, and vanities, and dreams;
Earth's glare so withering and intense,
Toil's hourly burdens, pleasure's gleams.

In death to leave all death behind,
From sickness and from pain to fly,
And in the dreaded grave to find
The gate of immortality.

To leave behind the fear, the doubt,
The care, the fret, the restlessness,
That poisoned life, and to shut out
Alike the failure and success.

We cannot trust these eyes and ears,
Sweet though it is to hear and see;
They are the messengers of fears,
The gates of ill and vanity.

We cannot trust these ears and eyes,
The daily inlets they of sin;
How sweet to shut out earthly lies,
And be with heavenly truth shut in!

These eyes and ears we cannot trust,
They work us hourly woe within;
How sweet to close them in the dust,
And be with God alone shut in!

These gates how gladly should we close
Against the ills that through them roll,
The crafty and mysterious foes,
That through the body rob the soul.

The tomb is dark,—we need no eyes;
It speaks not, and we need no ears;
The veil descends and cannot rise;
Farewell our struggles and our tears!

Lord, if he sleep he shall do well!
In sleep like this he taketh rest;

He lieth down corruptible,
He riseth in Thine image blest.

For he who sleeps in Thee sleeps well,
All earth shut out, all heaven shut in;
Though damp the couch and dark the cell,
They dwell in light who sleep within.

—o—

CREATION'S SONG.

TO Him who spread the skies,
Who formed the sea and earth,
Creating all so good ;
To Him who gave us birth,—
To Him be glory, honour given,
From sons of earth and hosts of heaven !

To God on high be praise,
The everlasting One,
Glorious in power and love,
Who spake, and it was done ;
Who with His gifts our world did fill,
Who giveth all things freely still !

In Him for evermore,
Ye sons of men, be glad ;
In God, your God, rejoice,
He lifteth up your head ;
He toucheth, and the sickness flies ;
He speaketh, and the dead arise !

Him praise and magnify,
 Sun, moon, and every star ;
 His name exalt on high.
 Creation near and far !
 To Him, the God of earth and heaven,
 All blessing and all praise be given !

Unto the Father sing
 The everlasting song ;
 Unto the Son the praise
 Eternally prolong ;
 Unto the Holy Spirit sing,—
 The one Jehovah, Lord and King !



THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

Crucem tuam qui portasti,
 Et nos lapsos reparasti
 Propriis doloribus ;
 Fac nos ipsos abnegare,
 Crucem nostram bajulare,
 Sanctis in operibus.—OLD HYMN.

LORD, may I plead with Thee, pluck out
 this thorn,
 And bid at length this messenger depart ?
 Or still must all these buffetings be borne,
 And still the endurance of the long long
 smart ?

To keep me feeble, that Thy power alone
 May be revealed in this my weakness still ;
 That Thou may'st be exalted, I brought down,
 Thou glorified, I moulded to Thy will,—

Is such Thy purpose with me, O my God?
Peace then, my soul! and hush, impatient
cries!

I take the thorn, and I accept the rod,
And glory only in infirmities.

Welcome the weary, bitter buffeting!
'Tis Satan's messenger, yet all is love;
His sharpest thorn for me has lost its sting,
And comes, a gentle angel from above.



LOVE OUR RESTING-PLACE.

ON the great love of God I lean,
Love of the Infinite, Unseen,
With nought of heaven or earth between;
This God is mine, and I am His,
His love is all I need of bliss.

Once and for ever reconciled,
The sinful with the undefiled,
I walk with Him, His trustful child;
The blood of the great sacrifice
My troubled conscience pacifies.

In the calm light of God I move,
The light of holiness and love,
Like the pure light of heaven above;
For God is love, and God is light,
A day without a cloud or night.

To the dear home of God I press,
The mansion of eternal bliss,
The seat of love and righteousness :
 O home and seat of glorious life,
 Beyond the tumult and the strife !

He keeps me from all want and ill,
With loving eye He guides me still,
His peace and joy my spirit fill ;
 O loving Seeker of the lost,
 How great for me Thy toil and cost !

To Him my helpless spirit clings,
He bears me as on eagle's wings,
Through sorrow and through joy he brings ;
 He loved from the eternal past,
 His tender mercies ever last.

—o—

TRUE THINKING.

TO Thee, to Thee alone, Lord, would I
 hearken,
In this strange age of crude philosophy.
The skies are clouding, and the shadows
 darken ;
It is not night, and yet it is not day.

They boast that all the wisdom is with them ;
 They are the thinkers, *we* the credulous ;
They have the mind, and can think out all truth,
 We dream and doat upon the fabulous.

Man's high philosophy disdains Thy thoughts,
And the proud voice of science scorns Thy
word;

"There is no God, or God hath never spoken;
There is no judgment-seat, no judgment-
sword."

"Our lips and pens are ours; and who shall
say

To us, Thus far, no further shalt thou go;
We spurn the limits of the fixed creed,
No trammel and no limit shall we know."

God's revelation is a word of hate,

It speaks of fetters to the human mind:

It says, Believe because thy God hath spoken;
And thus in chains the intellect would bind!

But they will not be bound. They think and
speak

As it may please themselves; for they are
lords,—

Lords of the mind and will; and who is he
That shall control or check their thoughts
and words?

Think on, think on, then; but the day draws
nigh

Which shall put all your vanities to shame;
Think on, but know that there is One who will,
To think as well as you, put in His claim.

His thoughts are not as yours, nor are His
ways

As your ways,—dubious, changeful, dark,
unsure;

His are the thoughts, eternal, infinite,—

Thoughts like Himself, unchanging, true,
and pure.

To think His thoughts is blessedness supreme;

To know HIMSELF, the Thinker, is our life;

To rest this weary intellect on His,

Is the glad ending of mind's endless strife.

For this is life eternal, Him to know,

And Jesus Christ His Son whom He hath
sent;

And this is light, to walk in His dear love,

Light brighter than the noon-bright firma-
ment.

—o—

THE CHURCH'S WATCH.

Utamur ergo parcius

Verbis, cibus et potibus,

Somno, jocis, et arctius

Perstemus in custodia.—OLD HYMN.

I.

IS the Bridegroom absent still?

Watch thou then, O faithful Bride!

Watch and pray,

Till the day

When the Bridegroom to thy side

Shall, in love and glory, come
To find with thee His throne and home;
Not to depart again,
Nor leave thee in thy widowhood,
In darkness and in solitude,
Exposed to every foe
Of earth around and hell below;
But over earth to reign !

II.

Is the Bridegroom absent still?
Watch, O blood-bought Church of God!
Severed from an evil world,
Walk thou in the heavenly road.
Keep thy garment undefiled,
Of the flesh abhor each spot;
Cast behind thee all of self,
Be time's vanities forgot.
Let the cry be heard, "How long,"
Lord, how long shall evil reign?
When shall sin be swept away,
And this earth be clean again?
Lord, how long shall error spread,
Truth be trodden in the dust,
Hatred flow from tongue and pen,
Hatred of the good and just;
Hatred of the Christ of God,
Of His true and blessed word;
Mockery of His holy crown,
Scorn of His uplifted sword?
This the burden of thy cry,
"When shall end the age of wrong,

Error, pain, misrule, and lust,
Righteous King and Lord, how long?"

III.

Who is she that says in pride,
"As a queen I sit and reign;
To me who speaks of widowhood,
Of poverty and grief and pain?"
She it is, the harlot-bride
Of the world's Christ-hating king;
She it is who speaks in pride
Of her vain imagining;
She the true chaste spouse who mocks,—
Bride of Christ, elect of God,
Who the heavenly Bridegroom loathes;
Scorns, yet dreads His iron rod.
Decked in scarlet, gems, and gold,
Can she be a widow,—she
Who the mystic sceptre sways,
To whom millions bow the knee?

IV.

Yet her day is nigh at hand,
And her judgment lingers not;
See the fierce ascending smoke
Of her vengeance, red and hot.
See the mighty millstone flung
By the glorious angel-hand;
Hear the hallelujah rise
From the white, palm-bearing band!
She is fallen, and shall not rise,
She is sunk for evermore.

Hallelujah, let the note
 Sound to every farthest shore ;
Hallelujah, like the voice
 Of the mighty multitude ;
Hallelujah, like the voice
 Of the roaring waterflood ;
Hallelujah, like the voice
 Of the mighty thunder-roar ;
Hallelujah, for the Lord
 Reigneth now from shore to shore !
Let us then rejoice and sing ;
 'Tis the marriage of the Lamb,
And the bride is ready ; raise,
 Raise the everlasting psalm !

—o—

PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN.

FATHER, our children keep !
 We know not what is coming on the earth ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,
 Oh keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st
 them birth.

Father, draw nearer us !
 Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm ;
Oh clasp our children closer to Thy side,
 Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide !
 Oh hide them and preserve them calm and
 safe,

When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions
chafe.

Oh keep them undefiled !

Unspotted from a tempting world of sin ;
That, clothed in white, through the bright
city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

—o—

WHO TEACHETH LIKE HIM?

THOU know'st my longings to be taught
of Thee ;

All human teaching find I dark and vain :
Teach me, O Lord, and then shall I be taught
To know Thyself,—this is my joy and gain.

Unteach me all the errors I have learnt
In earthly schools ; forgive self-will and
pride :

I would unlearn all falsehood, learn the truth,
And with Thy truth alone be satisfied.

O Truth of truth ! to Thee, my Lord, I come ;
Teach me, oh teach, as Thou alone canst do ;
Spirit of truth, come down and fill my soul,
Fill it with wisdom and with gladness too,—

The gladness of a glorious certainty,
Concerning Him who lived and died and rose ;

This, this is true, should all else prove a lie,
And in this truth my spirit finds repose.

—o—

WHO TOUCHED ME?

LUKE viii. 45.

“**W**HO touched me?” dost Thou ask?
’Twas I, Lord, it was I.

“Some one hath touched me;” yes, O Lord,
I am that “somebody.”

I came, Lord, and I touched,
For sore I needed Thee;

Forth from Thee straight the virtue came:
Lord, Thou hast healèd me.

And wouldst Thou frown on me?

Dost Thou the boon repent?

Why, then, Lord, didst Thou pass so near,
As if to me just sent?

Thou, Lord, wert passing by;

I knew all heaven was there;

A heaven of healing and of love

Thou didst within Thee bear;

A heaven of grace and peace,

Of pardon and of joy;

Lord, wouldst Thou have me let Thee pass,

And all that heaven go by?

What could I do but touch,

And Thou so nigh, so nigh?

What couldst Thou do but heal, O Lord,

Ere I had time to cry?

Thou wert too near for prayer ;
I touched at once, and found
The fulness of the heaven of heavens,
On this low earthly ground.
Speak then the word of cheer,
Say to my trembling soul,
Be of good comfort, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.



FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for using me,
For Thee to work and speak,
However trembling is the hand,
The voice however weak.

I thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays
Of Thine from me have shone
Into a world so dark as ours,
However faint and wan.

I bless Thee for each seed of truth
That I through Thee have sowed
Upon this waste and barren earth,—
The living seed of God.

For those to whom, through me, Thou hast
Some heavenly guidance given ;
For some, it may be, saved from death,
And some brought nearer heaven.

For any hope, or light, or joy,
Imparted, Lord, through me,
To one sad soul upon this earth,
Unknown to all but Thee ;

For every note of Christian song,
However poorly sung ;
For lips that sought to speak but truth,
And for a willing tongue.

I thank Thee, gracious God, for all
Of witness there hath been
From me, in any path of life,
Though silent and unseen ;

For any flower across life's path
At random I have flung ;
For dew to freshen aged hearts,
Or sunshine for the young ;

For solace ministered perchance,
In days of grief and pain ;
For peace to troubled, weary souls,
Not spoken all in vain.

O honour higher, truer far
Than earthly fame could bring,
Thus to be used, in work like this,
So long, by such a King !

A blunted sword, a rusted spear,
Which only *He* could wield ;

A broken sickle in *His* hand,
To reap *His* harvest field.

Lord, keep us still the same, as in
Remembered days of old;
O keep us fervent still in love,
'Mid many waxing cold.

Lord, make us beacon-lights on earth,
Authentic and divine;
And as the times grow darker still,
May we yet brighter shine.

Help us, O Christ, to grasp each truth
With hand as firm and true
As when we clasped it first to heart,
A treasure fresh and new.

Thy name to name, Thyself to own,
With voice unfaltering,
And face as bold and unashamed
As in our Christian spring.

The Psalms.

THE PSALMS.



PSALM I.

BLEST is the man that walketh not
In counsel of the wicked race,
Who standeth not in sinners' path,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's place.
But in Jehovah's perfect law
He ever findeth his delight;
And on that holy law of His
He meditates both day and night.

Like tree set by the water-brooks,
His leaf a leaf that cannot fall ;
In season due its fruit it yields,
And all he doeth prosper shall.
Not so the wicked : they shall be
As chaff before the wind that flies ;
And therefore in the judgment day
Shall not these wicked ones arise.

Not in the assembly of the just
Shall the unrighteous stand at all :
For just men's way Jehovah knows ;
The way of sinners perish shall.

PSALM II.

WHY rage the Gentiles? After vanity
Why are the people's thoughts so
madly gone?

Earth's kings stand up; its princes counsel take
Against the Lord and His Anointed One.

Their bands asunder let us break, and cast
Their cords of strength away from us, they
cry;

He in the heavens who hath His seat shall
laugh,

Jehovah mocketh at their vanity.

At length to them He speaketh in His wrath,
In His hot anger will He them distress :

I have my King, my King on Zion set,
Zion, the mountain of my holiness.

And now will I proclaim abroad to all
The statute of the kingdom, the decree :
Jehovah spake to me and said, Thou art
My Son, this day have I begotten Thee.

Ask of me now, and I to Thee will give
The Gentiles for Thy goodly heritage;
And for Thy sure possession Thou shalt take
Earth's utmost ends and time's remotest age.

Then shalt Thou break them with the iron rod,
As potter's vessel Thou shalt shiver all:

Now then, O kings, be wise and understand ;
Earth's judges, listen to instruction's call.

With fear Jehovah serve, with awe rejoice ;
Kiss ye the Son, or perish from the way ;
When wakes His wrath, for soon that wrath
shall burn,
Blessed are all who on Him place their stay.

—o—

PSALM III.

HOW are my troublers multiplied, O Lord !
Many there be against me that arise ;
Many there be that to my soul do say,
For him in God no help nor succour lies.

But Thou a shield for me, Jehovah, art ;
My glory ; He who lifteth up my head :
Unto Jehovah with my voice I cried,
And from His holy hill He answer made.

I laid me down ; I slept, and I awoke ;
For me Jehovah doth sustain for aye :
I will not fear the people's thousands ten,
Which have me girt around in fierce array.

Rise, Lord, me save ! 'tis Thou that smit'st
my foes ;
The teeth Thou breakest of the wicked all ;
Salvation be unto the Lord alone,
Upon Thy people let Thy blessing fall.

PSALM IV.

GOD of my righteousness,
Hear when I call on Thee;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress:
O hear and pity me!
My glory into shame, how long,
O sons of men, will you
Still turn? How long love vanity,
And lying still pursue?

Know that the Lord His saint¹
Hath for Himself set by;
Jehovah when I call will hear,
When unto Him I cry.
Tremble and turn from sin:
With holy musings fill
Your heart upon your quiet bed;
There commune and be still.

Come, bring your offerings,
Your sacrifices slay,
The offerings of righteousness,
And in Jehovah stay.
Who will show us the good?
Many there be that say;
Jehovah, of Thy face on us
Lift up the light, we pray.

Thou hast put gladness, Lord,
Within this heart of mine,

¹ See Hebrew.

Greater than when are multiplied
Their stores of corn and wine.
In peace I lay me down,
In peace shall I sleep well ;
For Thou, Jehovah, Thou alone
In safety mak'st me dwell.

—o—

PSALM V.

MY words, Jehovah, hear ;
Regard my secret sigh ;
My King, my God, unto the voice
Attend of this my cry.
To Thee I'll pray at morn ;
To Thee my cry shall be ;
At morn I order will my prayer,
I will look up to Thee.

For Thou art not a God
Taking in sin delight ;
Sin cannot dwell with Thee, nor stand
The foolish in Thy sight.
All evil-doers Thou
Hat'st and wilt slay, O God ;
The man of lies the Lord abhors,
The man of wiles and blood.

But as for me, Thy house,
Through this great love of Thine,
I'll seek, and worship in Thy fear
Towards Thy holy shrine.

Jehovah, lead me on
In righteousness, I pray,
Because of those who watch for me,
To me make straight Thy way.

For in their mouth no truth
Nor stedfastness they have;
Their inward part is wickedness,
Their throat an open grave.
They flatter with their tongues:
Condemn them, lay them low;
By their own counsels, O my God,
These proud ones overthrow.

Oh cast them far away,
For infinite's their sin;
And against Thee alone, O Lord,
Has their rebellion been.
But let all those rejoice
Who put their trust in Thee;
Still let them shout for joy, for Thou
A shelter, Lord, wilt be.

Let them Thy name that love,
In Thee with joy abound:
Bless Thou the just one; let Thy love,
Like shield, him compass round.

—o—

PSALM VI.

NOT in Thine anger, Lord,
Me for my sin reprove;

Not in Thy burning wrath chastise :
Oh deal with me in love.
For very weak am I :
Jehovah, heal Thou me ;
For shaken are my bones, my soul
Is troubled bitterly.

But Thou, O Lord, how long !
Return, my soul set free ;
In greatness of Thy mercy, Lord,
Save and deliver me.
For not in death of Thee
Can we remembrance have ;
Who shall give thanks to Thee, O Lord,
Within the silent grave ?

And weary, Lord, am I,
With these my groans and fears ;
Each night I make my bed to swim,
My couch dissolves in tears.¹
Mine eye with grief consumes,
Grows old before its time,
Because of all mine enemies :
Depart, ye men of crime !

Jehovah hears the voice,
The voice of all my tears ;
Jehovah to my cry gives heed,
My prayer Jehovah hears.
Ashamed and troubled be
Mine enemies each one ;

¹ See Hebrew.

Let them turn back, be put to shame,
And in a moment gone.

*PSALM VII.*

JEHOVAH, O my God, me save from those
Who me pursue; for, Lord, I trust in
Thee:

Deliver me, lest the fierce lion tear
My soul when there is none to succour me.

Jehovah, O my God, if this I did,
If in my hand iniquity there be;
If I at any time have recompensed
Evil to him that was at peace with me;

(Nay, have I not delivered even him
Who without cause has been mine enemy?)
Let foe pursue my soul, o'ertake, and tread
To earth, yea, in the dust mine honour lay.

Up, Lord, in wrath arise; see my foes' rage;
Awake for me, and to my cause attend:
Round Thee shall be the gathering of the earth;
Return for this; Thy throne on high ascend.

Jehovah, on the nations of the earth
Sit Thou in judgment; Lord, regard my
plea!

Judge me according to my righteousness,
And that perfection, Lord, which covers me.¹

Oh let the evil of the wicked end,
But, Lord, establish Thou the righteous one;
For God the heart and reins of man doth try,
This God, the righteous God, even He alone.

My shield on God doth hang,¹ on Him who
saves :
God for the righteous hath His judgment set;
God with the wicked every day is wroth,
And, if he turn not, He His sword will
whet.

His bow is bent, and ready for its work,
Death's arrows on the string prepared to fly;
See how he travaileth with wickedness,
Conceiving mischief, bringing forth the lie.

A pitfall he has digged, yea, sunk it deep;
He falls into the ditch which he has made;
On his own head his violence shall come,
On his own crown his mischief be repaid.

But as for me, I thanks shall ever give
Unto Jehovah for His righteousness;
Yea I, even I, will sing Him psalms of praise,
Jehovah's name, His name most high, I'll
bless.

¹ See Hebrew.

PSALM VIII.

JEHOVAH, Lord,
Our Lord, how excellent
In all the earth,
How excellent Thy name !
Above the heavens
Thou hast set high Thy fame.
From lips of babes
And sucklings strength is found,
The proud to still,
The avenger to confound.

When I that sky
Survey, which Thou hast made;
Thy handiwork
That moon, these stars on high
Which Thou hast set;
What then is man, say I,
Poor man, that Thou
At all rememberest him;
Or son of man,
That Thou dost visit him?

A little less
Him than the angels Thou,
O Lord, hast made;
Honour and glory now
Upon his head
Hast set; o'er all Thy works
As king to reign.
All under him hast put

The flocks and herds,
And cattle of the plain ;

The little birds,
That people all the air ;
Fish of the seas,
And whatsoever there
Through the dark ways
Of ocean come and go.
Jehovah, Lord,
Our Lord, how excellent
In all the earth,
How excellent Thy name !

—o—

PSALM IX.

PRAISE will I unto Thee
With my whole heart accord ;
Thy great and wondrous works each one
I will declare, O Lord.
In Thee will I be glad,
In Thee rejoice will I ;
I will sing praises to Thy name,
O Thou the Lord Most High.

Back flee my foes ! they fall,
And perish from Thy face :
My cause thou judgest, on the throne
Thou sitt'st in righteousness.
Nations Thou hast rebuked ;
Destroyed and put to shame

The wicked one; for ever Thou
Hast blotted out their name.

For ever, mighty foe,
Thy havoc now is done;
Cities thou hast destroyed, with them
Is their remembrance gone.
But yet Jehovah shall
For ever, ever stay;
He hath at length prepared His throne
For the great judgment day.

The world in righteousness
In that day judge He shall,
Just judgment He shall minister
Unto the nations all.
And He, Jehovah, shall
For the oppressed one prove
A refuge in the day of fear,
A refuge from above.

And they that know Thy name
In Thee their trust will place;
For Thou hast not forsaken them,
O Lord, who seek Thy face.
Sing to Jehovah, sing
To Him whose dwelling high
Is Zion; to the nations tell
His deeds of majesty.

When He inquires for blood,
He calls to mind His own;

Nor of the poor and lowly ones
Forgetteth He the groan.
Jehovah, pity me:
My grief from foes, Lord, see;
O Thou who from the gates of death
In love upliftest me.

Thy praises in the gates
Of Zion's daughter I
Will then show forth; I will rejoice
In Thy salvation high.
Into the pit they made,
The nations down are brought;
And in the net which they have hid,
Their foot at last is caught.

Known hath Jehovah been
By judgment He hath done;
Now in the works of His own hands
Is snared the wicked one.
The wicked shall depart
Into hell's gloomy grave,
Yea, all the nations of the earth,
Who God forgotten have.

The needy one for aye
Shall not unheard remain;
The patient waiting of the poor,
It shall not be in vain.
Let not man's strength prevail;
Arise, Jehovah, come!

And from Thy presence bring the day,
The day of Gentile doom.

Fill Thou their hearts with fear,
With fear, Jehovah, fill ;
So shall the nations know themselves
To be but mortals still.

—o—

PSALM X.

WHY, O Jehovah, dost Thou stand afar ?
Why dost Thou hide Thyself in evil days ?
In pride the wicked one pursues the poor :
Oh take them in their own deceitful ways !

The wicked boasteth of his heart's desire ;
Gain he adores, to God he gives no heed ;
The wicked in his pride of countenance
Seeketh not God ; no God is all his creed.

Firm are his steps at all times ; out of sight
And far above him all Thy judgments be ;
As for his foes, he puffs at them, he says,
Never shall I be moved, no ill for me !

Cursing doth fill his mouth, deceit and fraud ;
Under his tongue are bitterness and ill ;
He sits in coverts of the villages,
In secret seeks the innocent to kill.

His eyes keep privy watch upon the poor,
In secret places doth he lie in wait ;

As lion in his den, in wait he lies,
To catch the poor he spreadeth wide his net.

Crouching he bows himself, that by his strength
The poor may fall. In heart thus speaketh
he,

God hath forgotten ; He hath hid His face ;
He sees not, and He never more will see.

Arise, Jehovah ; lift Thy hand, O God ;
For Thou the lowly one hast not forgot :
Why hath the wicked one despised God ?
Why in his heart saith he, God heedeth not ?

Thou hast beheld ; yea, Thou wilt look upon
This wrong and spite, with Thy hand to
redress :

The lowly leaves himself, O Lord, to Thee ;
Thou art the helper of the fatherless.

The arm break of the wicked and the bad ;
Seek out his wickedness till none be found.

Jehovah, He is King for evermore ;
Perished the heathen from His holy ground.

The longing of the poor Thou hearest, Lord :
Thou wilt confirm their heart ; Thine ear
wilt bow

To judge the fatherless and the oppressed ;
No more the man of earth shall work them
woe.

PSALM XI.

MY trust is in
Jehovah ; how say ye
Unto my soul,
As bird to mountain flee?
For now, behold,
The wicked bend the bow ;
Upon the string
Their shaft is fitted now,
In the dark night,
To aim at the upright.

The righteous one,
If the foundations sink,
What can he do ?
Jehovah dwells within
His temple still,
Most holy, and His throne
Is in the heavens ;
His eyes are ever on
The sons of men ;
His eyelids try each one.

Jehovah proves
The just, the unjust hates,
And violent one.
Brimstone and burning shower,
The snare and fire,
On sinners He will pour ;
Such is their lot.
Justice the just Lord loves,

And on the just
Resteth His gracious eye.

—o—

PSALM XII.

JEHOVAH, help !
The godly man hath ceased,
The men of faith
Are failing clean away,
Till none are left
The sons of men among :
All vanity
Neighbour with neighbour talkz ;
With flattering lips
And double heart speak they.

All flattering lips
Jehovah will cut off ;
The tongue that speaks
The swelling words of pride ;
The tongue of such
As say, We shall prevail
By these our tongues ;
Are not our lips our own ?
Who then is he
Who o'er us lord shall be ?

And now at length
In power will I arise,
Jehovah saith,
Because of cruel wrong

Done to the poor ;
Because the needy's sighs
Have reached mine ear.
Him therefore safe I'll set
From enemies
Who puff at him in hate.

Jehovah's words
Are pure as silver tried,
Purged seven times o'er,
In crucible of earth.
Lord, evermore
Thine own Thou'lt keep and guard
Amid this race :
When vileness lifts the head
On every side,
The wicked walk in power.

—o—

PSALM XIII.

HOW long, Jehovah, wilt Thou me forget ?
How long from me Thy face, Lord,
wilt Thou hide ?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul ?
How long within my heart shall grief abide ?

How long against me shall mine enemy
Be lifted up on high ? Jehovah, see !
Hear me, my God, and to mine eyes give light,
Lest that the sleep of death should fall on me ;

Lest that mine enemy o'er me exult,
And say, I have at last him overthrown ;
And those that trouble me with triumph shout,
When they behold me by their strength cast
down.

But in Thy mercy, Lord, I trusted have ;
Glad shall my heart in Thy salvation be ,
Unto Jehovah will I ever sing,
For He in bounteous love hath dealt with me.

—o—

PSALM XIV.

WITHIN his heart the fool hath said,
There is no God ; corrupt each one,
Doing all deeds of hatefulness ;
And good not one of them hath done.
Jehovah from the heavens looked down
Upon the sons of men below,
To see if any one was wise,
Or any seeking God to know.

All, all have gone aside ; the whole
Together into vileness gone ;
And none upon the earth is left
That doeth good, not one, not one.
It is because they have not known,
Of wickedness these workers all,
Who eat my people up as bread,
And on Jehovah do not call.

There have they feared, for God is in
The generation of the just ;
The counsel of the poor ye shame,
Because Jehovah is his trust.
Oh that from Zion Israel's help
Might come ! When her captivity
Jehovah turns, then Jacob shall
Rejoice, and Israel glad shall be.

—o—

PSALM XV.

WHO, O Jehovah, shall abide
Within Thy tabernacle still ?
And who shall be found meet to pitch
His tent upon Thy holy hill ?
He who is walking uprightly,
Who hath not slandered with his tongue ;
Who does the right, and speaks the true,
Who hath not wrought his neighbour wrong.

No scandal hath he taken up
Against the man who dwelleth near ;
The vile one in his eyes is scorned,
He honours all the Lord who fear.
To his own hurt he swears, yet change
Will not ; he takes no usury,
No bribe against the innocent,—
That man shall never movèd be.

PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE me, O my God ! in Thee
I set my confidence for aye ;
Thou art my Lord, and thus, my soul,
Unto Jehovah thou dost say :
Not unto Thee my goodness is,
But to Thy holy ones below,
That dwell on earth,—the excellent ,
All my delight's in them I know.

Sorrow on sorrow shall they have
Another God than Thee who seek ,
Their bloody offerings I reject,
Nor with my lips their names will speak.
Jehovah, He the fulness is
Of my allotted earthly store,
And of my cup : my lot, O Lord,
Thou wilt maintain for evermore.

The border-lines of this my life
In pleasant places fallen be ;
Yea, surely my inheritance
Has been a goodly lot to me.
Jehovah I will bless ; from Him
All counsel duly I receive ;
Yea, in the seasons of the night,
My reins to me instruction give.

Jehovah, as my guide, I set
Before my face continually ;

At my right hand Jehovah is,
So shall I never movèd be.
Right glad then is this heart of mine;
My glory has its joy expressed;
Yea, and this flesh of mine, secure
In confidence of hope, shall rest.

Because Thou never wilt my soul
To the devouring grave give o'er,
Nor wilt Thou ever, Lord, allow
Thy saint to see corruption's power.
The path of life Thou wilt me show,
Joys in their fulness all abound
Before Thy face; at Thy right hand
Pleasures for evermore are found.

—o—

PSALM XVII.

HEAR, O Jehovah, hear
The right! Oh hear my cry,
Give ear unto my prayer, which comes
From lips which do not lie.
Let Thou my sentence come
Forth from before Thy face;
And let Thine eyes regard, O Lord,
The things of righteousness.

My heart Thou provèd hast,
By night hast visited;
Nothing within me Thou hast found,
Though in the furnace tried.

My purpose is, that this
My mouth shall never stray,
And by the precepts of Thy lips
I'll shun the sinner's way.

Thy paths my feet have held,
My feet slide not from Thee;
To Thee have I appealed, O God,
For Thou wilt answer me.
Oh bend Thine ear to me,
And listen to my word;
To me exalt and magnify
Thy tender mercies, Lord.

Thou who deliverest,
By Thy right hand of might,
All them that trust in Thee, from those
Against Thy saints who fight,
Keep guard o'er me, as o'er
The apple of the eye;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
Oh cover me, I cry.

From face of wicked men,
Who lay me desolate;
From my soul's enemies, about
Who compass me in hate.
Their carnal luxury
Doth grossly close them in;
And with their mouth, in swelling words
They speak their pride and sin.

In all our goings now,
See, they have girt us round ;
Their eyes upon us they have fixed,
Low bent upon the ground.
Like the old lion, he
Longeth his prey to tear ;
Like the young lion, see he lurks
Within his secret lair.

Rise, Lord, and face to face
Oh meet him, bring him down ;
And, with Thy sword, my soul, O Lord,
Save from the wicked one.
From men, with Thy strong hand,
From men of earth me save ;
From men, O Lord, who in this world
Their only portion have.

With Thy hid treasures Thou
Hast made their lap run o'er ;
Their sons Thou fillest, to their babes
They leave their plenteous store.
But I in righteousness
Shall see Thy face, and be,
In the awaking, satisfied
With likeness, Lord, to Thee !

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PSALM XVIII.

THEE will I love, O Jehovah my strength,
My rock and my fort, my Saviour still
nigh;

The rock of my trust, my God and my shield,
Horn of my help, and my refuge on high.

His are the praises, on Him will I call ;
So from mine enemies saved shall I be.
Sorrows of death have encircled me round,
Floods of ungodly men terrified me.

Fetters of Hades have compassed me round,
Met me and held me has Death with his
snares ;

In my distress on Jehovah I called,
Up to my God have ascended my prayers.

Out of His temple my voice hath He heard,
Into His ears came before Him my cry ;
Earth shook and trembled, the mountains were
moved
Down to their depths, when His anger
blazed high.

Up rose the smoke, in His wrath, from His
mouth,
Forth to devour burst the coal-kindling flame ;
Bowed He the heavens, and descended to earth,
Darkness was under His feet as He came.

Rode He on cherub, and flying He came,
Soared He on wings of the wind from on high ;
Darkness His hiding-place, lo, He hath made,
Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the sky.

Lo, by the brightness before Him that blazed,
Vanished the clouds that encompassed His
path ;

Forth went the hail and the fire at His word,
Thundered Jehovah from heaven in His wrath.

Uttered His voice of power, He the Most High,
Forth went the hail and the fire at His word ;
Sent He His arrows and scattered their might,
Shot He His lightnings, and ruin He poured.

Seen in that hour were the water-depths vast ;
Bared were the hidden foundations beneath,
At Thy rebuke, O Jehovah of hosts,
At the dread blast of Thy withering breath.

Sendeth He down from on high, and me takes,
Me doth He draw from the water-floods high ;
Freeth He me from my haters and foes,
Haters and foes that were stronger than I.

Rushed they upon me in day of my grief ;
Then did Jehovah my confidence prove,
Brought He me out into largeness of room,
Rescued He me, for on me was His love.

Me for my righteousness He will reward,
For my hand's purity me will repay ;
For all the ways of Jehovah I kept,
Nor from my God have I wandered astray.

Set I His judgments before me always,
From me I let not His statutes depart ;

Still in uprightness before Him I walked,
From mine iniquity kept I my heart.

After my righteousness me He repaid,
After my cleanness of hands in His sight :
Thou to the gracious wilt gracious appear,
And to the man of uprightness upright.

Pure to the pure Thou wilt make Thyself known,
Foe to the froward Thyself Thou wilt show ;
Thou with Thy strength wilt deliver the poor,
Looks of the lofty wilt surely lay low.

Yes, and this lamp of mine kindle Thou wilt,
Jehovah, my God, He will brighten my night ;
Lord, by Thy power have I routed a host,
And by my God scaled the wall in its height.

This God, the mighty One, perfect His ways,
Truly the word of Jehovah is tried ;
He, He Himself is a buckler and shield
Ever to all in His name who confide.

Who is a God save Jehovah alone ?
Who but our God is a rock and a stay ?
This is the God who with strength hath me girt,
This is the God who makes perfect my way.

Setting me up on my places on high,
Making my feet like the hinds of the field ;
Training my hands for the perilous fight,
Nerving my sinews the war-bow to wield.

Thou in Thy love with Thy shield, O my God,
Shield of salvation, hast covered my head ;
Holden me up hath Thy right hand of power,
Mighty and high hath Thy gentleness made.

Under me widely my steps Thou hast spread,¹
Slip shall my feet never ; I have pursued,
And all mine enemies I have outstripped,
Turn would I not until all were subdued.

Wounded I all of them, rise could they not ;
Under my feet they fell : Thou with Thy might
Hast for the battle me girded, and crushed
All who against me rose up in the fight.

Necks of my foes hast Thou under me placed,
Them that with hatred have sought me I smote ;
Cried they aloud, but to save there was none,
Unto Jehovah,—He answered them not.

Then did I grind them as dust for the wind,
Casting them forth like the mire of the street ;
Me from the strife of the crowd Thou hast saved,
Me as the head of the nations hast set.

They whom I knew not shall come and shall serve,
Soon as they hear of me, they shall obey ;
Sons of the stranger before me shall crouch,
Strangers in terror shall vanish away.

Liveth Jehovah, and, blest be my Rock,
God of salvation, His praises I sound ;

¹ See Hebrew.

He is the God who avengeth my cause,
Crushing beneath me the nations around.

Me from the foe and oppressor He saves,
Plucks from the hands of the lawless and strong;
Thanks 'mong the nations, Lord, render will I,
Praise to Thy name will I give in a song.

Mighty deliverance gives He His king,
For His Messiah is mercy in store;
Mercy and truth unto David He shows,
Mercy and truth to His seed evermore.

*PSALM XIX.*

PART I.

THE glory of God these bright heavens are
declaring,
The work of His hands doth the firmament
show;
For day unto day utters speech without ending,
And night unto night doth with knowledge
o'erflow.

No voice breaketh in on the silence around us,
No speech is there uttered, and language is
none;
All round the wide earth runs the line of their
border,
Their words to the world's widest limits
have gone.

In them for the sun hath he set a pavilion ;
And he, like a bridegroom in bridal array,
Comes forth from his chamber in glory rejoicing,
To speed like a racer of strength on his way.

From yon farthest end of these heavens in their circle,
On his race goes he forth every morning unbid ;
His course to their uttermost end round he wheeleth,
And nought on this earth from his warmth can be hid.

PART II.

JEHOVAH'S law perfection is,
It makes the soul arise ;
Jehovah's testimony's sure,
It makes the foolish wise.
Jehovah's statutes upright are,
Making the heart to sing ;
Jehovah's precept is most pure,
The eyes enlightening.

Jehovah's fear is cleanness all,
It doth for ever stay ;
Jehovah's judgments all are truth,
Together just are they.
More to be coveted than gold,
Fine gold from Ophir come ;

Sweeter than honey, sweeter far
Than droppings of the comb.

Yea, and Thy servant daily draws
Due admonition thence;
In keeping them he also finds
A glorious recompense.
Who, who can truly understand
His own dark ways of sin?
Oh cleanse me fully, cleanse me from
The hidden faults within.

From all presumptuous open sins,
Oh keep Thy servant free,
Nor let them ever have, O Lord,
Dominion over me.
And then, indeed, shall I at length
Be upright, Lord, with Thee;
Then innocent and clean shall I
From much transgression be.

My words of mouth, my thoughts of heart,
Let them find favour true
With Thee; for, Lord, my Rock art Thou,
And my Redeemer too.

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PSALM XX.

JEHOVAH in the day
Of trouble hear thy cry!
And let the name of Jacob's God
Defend thee from on high.

Help from the holy place,
Let Him send forth to thee;
Strength evermore from Zion hill
To thee imparted be.

Remember all thy gifts,
Thy sacrifice receive;
Grant thee according to thine heart,
And all thy counsel give.
Joy shall we in Thy help;
In our God's name we shall
Lift up our banners, and the Lord
Grant thy petitions all.

Now know I that the Lord
Saves His anointed one;
From heaven He heareth them, and saves
By His right hand alone.
Some in the chariot¹ trust,
And some in horses stay;
But we Jehovah's name, our God,
Remember will alway.

Brought down are they, and fall'n;
We rise, and stand on high;
Jehovah, save, and let the King
Us answer when we cry!

¹ See Hebrew.

PSALM XXI.

JEHOVAH, in Thy strength
Right glad the king shall be ;
In Thy deliverance
Greatly rejoice shall he.
His heart's desire Thou hast
Fully to him supplied ;
And of his lips the prayer,
Lord, Thou hast not denied.

With blessings of Thy love
Thou hast him largely met ;
A crown of purest gold
Thou on his head hast set.
Life did he ask of Thee ;
Thou gavest it in store,
Even length of days on days,
To him for evermore.

In Thy salvation Thou
His glory great hast made ;
Honour and majesty
Thou hast upon him laid.
Yea, Thou for evermore
Most blessed hast him made,
And with Thy countenance
Mad'st him exceeding glad.

Because the king his trust
Doth on Jehovah lay,
Through love of the Most High
He shall for ever stay.

Thy hand shall find out those
Of Thee the foes that be ;
Thy right hand shall find out
Those who have hated Thee.

As fiery oven thou'lt make
Them in Thy wrath's dread hour ;
Them in His anger hot
Jehovah shall devour.
Devour them shall the fire ;
From off the earth their fruit,
And from the sons of men
Their seed Thou shalt uproot.

For mischief against Thee
They aimed ; an evil thought
They did devise ; yet failed
To execute their plot.
Back Thou shalt make them turn,
When Thou shalt ready place
Thine arrows on Thy strings,
Against their pride of face.

Rise, O Jehovah, rise !
In Thine own strength Thee raise ;
So of Thy might we'll sing,
And celebrate Thy praise.

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PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why dost Thou me
forsake,
Far from my help and words of agony ?

O Thou my God, by day, by night I call,
And silent am not, yet unheard my cry !

But Thou art holy, Thou who Israel's praise
Inhabitest ; our fathers did confide
In Thee ; in Thee our fathers did confide,
And Thou didst give deliv'rance when they
cried.

They cried to Thee, Thou didst deliver them ;
They trusted Thee, and were not put to
shame.

A worm am I ; no man ; but man's reproach ;
An object of the people's scorn I am.

All that me see do mock ; the lip they curl ;
They shake the head and say, Upon the Lord
For help he trusted ; if He then him loves,
Let Him to him deliverance afford.

But Thou art He who from the womb me took'st,
Thou mad'st me from the breast on Thee to
lean ;

Yea, from the birth upon Thee I was cast,
Thou from my mother's womb my God hast
been.

Be not far from me, for distress is near,
And none to help ; for bulls beset my way,
Strong bulls of Bashan compass me, they gape
Like the fierce lion rav'ning for his prey.

Like water I'm poured out ; all sundered are
My bones ; my heart like wax melts ; strength
is gone,
Like potsherd dried ; my tongue cleaves to my
jaws ;
And to the dust of death Thou broughtst me
down.

Round me are dogs ; the wicked me beset ;
They pierce my hands and feet, and count
each bone ;
Men gaze and stare ; my raiment they divide ;
My vesture they do cast the lot upon.

But Thou, Jehovah, be not far from me ;
O Thou, my strength, make haste to help
me now ;
My soul do Thou deliver from the sword,
My darling from the dog, oh rescue Thou !

Oh save me, save me from the lion's mouth,
From horns of the fierce unicorns me hear ;
Unto my brethren I Thy name will speak,
And in the assembly will Thy praise declare.

All ye that fear Jehovah, praise, Him praise ;
All ye that are the seed of Jacob, tell
His glory far and wide ; oh fear Him, fear
All ye the seed of His own Israel.

For He hath not despised nor abhorred
The poor and needy in his poverty ;

Nor hath He hid from him His countenance,
But heard the voice of his ascending cry.

In the great congregation of Thy saints,
Of Thee shall be my everlasting praise;
And I, before them that do fear the Lord,
Will pay the vows that I have vowed always.

Then shall the lowly keep their festival,
And shall be satisfied; then praises give
Shall they unto Jehovah who His face
Have sought. Your heart for evermore
shall live!

The farthest ends of earth shall call to mind
His name, and to Jehovah turn they shall;
The kindreds of the nations, near and far,
Before Thy face shall come and worship all.

For to Jehovah doth pertain alone
The kingdom, and among the nations all
Is He the Governor; earth's rich and great
Before His feet low bending down shall fall.

Yea, all they, too, who to the dust of death
Are ready to go down; yea, even he,
The poor who could not keep alive his soul,
Before His face shall bow the lowly knee.

A seed shall serve Him; this unto the Lord
For a posterity shall reckoned be.
Come shall they and declare His righteousness
To unborn nations. Done it all hath He!

PSALM XXIII.

JEHOVAH He my Shepherd is,
I shall have neither want nor ill;
In pastures green He lays me down,
And leads me by the waters still.

This soul of mine He lifteth up,
And me He leadeth gently on
Along the paths of righteousness,
And all for His name's sake alone.

Yea, and when walking in the vale
Of death's dark shade, I fear no ill;
For Thou art ever with me, Lord,
Thy rod and staff they comfort still.

A table Thou hast richly spread
For me mine enemies before;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup with blessing runneth o'er.

Goodness and mercy all the days
Of my life here shall follow me;
And then for length of endless days
My home Jehovah's house shall be

—o—

PSALM XXIV.

EARTH is the Lord's,
And all its fulness His ;

This world of ours,
And they who therein dwell.
For He hath laid
Upon the mighty seas
The earth, and deep
Foundations of our globe;
And on the floods
Hath built it firm and well.

Who shall ascend
Into Jehovah's hill?
Who stand within
His holy place on high?
Of hands the clean,
The pure of heart and will;
He who hath not
Lifted to vanity
His soul, nor hath
He sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive
The blessing of the Lord;
He shall receive
The perfect righteousness,
From Him who is
To him salvation's God.
Of those who Him
Do seek, such is the race,
Of those who do,
O Jacob, seek Thy face.

Lift up, O gates,
Lift up your heads on high!

Be lifted up,
Doors of eternity !
Then He, the King
Of glory, shall come in.
Who can this King,
This King of glory be ?
Jehovah strong,
In battle mighty He !

Lift up, O gates,
Lift up your heads on high !
Yea, lift them up,
Doors of eternity !
Then He, the King
Of glory, shall come in.
Who can this King,
This King of glory be ?
The Lord of hosts,
The King of glory He !

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PSALM XXV.

TO Thee, Jehovah, do I lift my soul ;
O Thou my God, I place my trust in
Thee ;

Oh let me never then be put to shame,
Let not mine enemies exult o'er me.

Yea, and let none be ever put to shame
Of those who do in hope still wait on Thee ;
But as for such as treacherously deal,
Covered with shame let them for ever be.

Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths;

O lead me in Thy truth, teach me, I pray ;
For Thou the God of my salvation art,
And on Thee have I waited all the day.

Thy tender mercies oh remember, Lord,
Thy loving-kindnesses, for they have been
From everlasting. My transgressions great
Remember not, nor of my youth the sin.

After Thy mercy me remember, Lord ;
Yea, for Thy goodness' sake, oh think on me.
Upright and good Jehovah is ; then sure
In the right way transgressors teach will He.

The lowly He in judgment will lead on ;
Yea, to the lowly He will teach His way.
Jehovah's paths are love and truth to those
Who keep His laws, and on His covenant
stay.

For Thy name's sake, Jehovah, oh forgive
All mine iniquities, for great are they.
Who is the man that doth Jehovah fear ?
Him shall He well instruct to choose His
way.

His soul in goodness shall abide ; his seed
For aye inherit shall the earth. With those
That fear His name Jehovah's counsel is,
And unto them His covenant He shows.

Mine eyes unto Jehovah ever are,
For He out of the net shall pluck my feet.
Turn Thou to me Thy face, Thy mercy show,
For sorrowful am I, and desolate.

The troubles of my heart enlarged have been ;
From all my sorrows, oh deliver me.
Look Thou on mine affliction and my pain ;
Forgive, O Lord, all mine iniquity.

See Thou my foes, for they are multiplied,
And with fierce hatred they have hated me ;
Oh keep my soul, me save, and let me not
Be put to shame, for I have trusted Thee.

Oh let uprightness and integrity
Preserve me, for on Thee I've waited still ;
From all his many woes, deliverance
Give Thou, O God, to Thine own Israel.

*PSALM XXVI.*

LORD, judge me ; I have walked
In mine integrity ;
I trusted in the Lord,
Shaken I shall not be.

Examine, Lord, mine inmost part ;
Prove me, and try my reins and heart.

For still before mine eyes
Thy tender love is seen,

And in Thy holy truth
My walk has ever been.
Shunned have I men of vanity;
Nor with dissemblers walk will I.

Of evil-doers all
The assembly do I hate,
Nor with the men of sin
In friendship have I sat.
Mine hands I'll wash in purity,
So to Thine altar come will I.

That with the voice of praise
I may make known abroad,
And tell of all Thy works
Which wondrous are, O God.
Thy house, Lord, have I loved well,
The place where doth Thy glory dwell.

My soul, oh gather not
With men of wickedness;
My life, oh gather not
With men of furiousness;
Within whose hand is mischief still,
And whose right hand the bribe doth fill.

But as for me, I'll walk
In mine integrity;
Oh do Thou me redeem;
Be merciful to me.
My foot stands in an even place;
Thee in the assembly, Lord, I'll bless.

PSALM XXVII.

JEHOVAH is my light and health,
Whom therefore fear shall I?
Jehovah is my strength and life,
Who shall me terrify?
When against me to eat my flesh
These evil ones arose,
They stumbled at my feet, and fell,
These persecuting foes.

Let hosts against me pitch their camp,
My heart no fear shall feel;
Let war against me rise, in this
My trust abideth still.
One thing I of Jehovah sought,
For this still do I pray,
That in Jehovah's house abide
For evermore I may.

That on Jehovah's beauty I
May gaze, yea, gaze my fill,
And in His temple day by day,
Inquire His blessed will.
For He in His pavilion shall
Me hide in troublous days;
In covert of His tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

Yea, even now shall this my head
Be lifted from the ground,
Above all these mine enemies
Who compass me around.

Therefore the sacrifice of joy
Into His courts I'll bring;
I'll sing, yea, to Jehovah I
Will ever praises sing.

Hear, O Jehovah, hear my voice
When I do call on Thee;
Yea, unto me be merciful;
Answer, oh answer me.
Seek ye my face! To thee, my heart,
Thus doth Jehovah speak;
Thy face, even Thine, for evermore,
Jehovah, will I seek.

Far from me hide not Thou Thy face;
Oh do not, do not turn
Away Thy servant, nor against
Him let Thine anger burn.
My help in days past Thou hast been,
Do not forsake me now;
Nor leave me, O my God, the God
Of my salvation Thou.

Father and mother have me left,
Jehovah took me in:
Teach me, Jehovah, all Thy way,
That I may walk therein.
Because of those my watching foes,
Lead me the straight plain road;
And to the will of these my foes
Give me not up, O God.

For they against me risen have
Whose witness is a lie ;
Yea, he against me risen has
Who breathes out cruelty
What had become of me, unless
I trusted had to see
Jehovah's goodness in the land
Of immortality.

Oh wait upon Jehovah, wait ;
Be firm and strong ; He will
Strengthen the faintness of thy heart :
Wait on Jehovah still !



PSALM XXVIII.

TO Thee, Jehovah, will I cry,
My rock, oh be not silent now ;
Lest, if Thou hold Thy peace, I be
Like those who in the pit lie low.
Oh hear my supplication's voice,
When unto Thee for help I cry ;
When to Thy holy oracle
I lift my pleading hands on high.

Oh with the wicked draw me not
Away ; nor with the men of sin,
Who to their neighbours speak of peace,
But evil is their heart within.
Give them according to their deed,
Their evil doings all reward ;

Give them according to their works,
Return them their desert, O Lord.

Since they Jehovah's mighty acts,
And doings of His hands disdain,
He will destroy them in His wrath,
And never build them up again.
Blest be Jehovah ! He hath heard
My supplication's voice in heaven ;
Jehovah is my strength and shield,
I trusted Him, He help hath given.

And therefore shall my heart exult,
My song shall of His praises be.
He is their strength ; the saving strength
Of His Anointed One is He.
Oh save the nation of Thy love,
Oh bless Thy chosen heritage ;
Feed them and lead them as a flock,
Lift Thou them up from age to age.

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PSALM XXIX.

GIVE ye to Jehovah, O sons of the mighty,
Give ye to Jehovah the glory and power ;
Give ye to Jehovah the honour and glory ;
In beauty of holiness kneel and adore.

The voice of Jehovah comes down on the waters,
In thunder the God of The Glory ¹ draws nigh ;

¹ See Hebrew.

Lo, over the waves of the wide-flowing waters
Jehovah as King is enthronèd on high.

The voice of Jehovah is mighty, is mighty,
The voice of Jehovah in majesty speaks;
The voice of Jehovah the cedars is breaking,
Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon breaks.

Like young heifers sporting, they skip when He
speaketh;
Lo, Lebanon leaps at the sound of His name;
Like son¹ of the unicorn, Sirion is skipping;
The voice of Jehovah it forketh the flame.

The voice of Jehovah it shaketh the desert,
The desert of Kadesh it shaketh with fear;
The hind of the field into travail-pangs casteth;
The voice of Jehovah the forest strips bare.

Each one in His temple His glory is speaking;²
On the flood sat Jehovah; ever sitteth the King.
Jehovah all strength to His people is giving,
Jehovah His peace to His people will bring.

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PSALM XXX.

THEE, Jehovah, will I praise!
From the depths Thou didst me raise,

¹ See Hebrew.

² Or, still nearer the Hebrew,—

Each thing in His temple is uttering GLORY.

And my adversaries glad
Over me Thou hast not made.
Lord, my God, I cried to Thee,
And in love Thou healedst me.

Thou, Jehovah, didst me save!
And from the devouring grave,
Sending down from heaven above,
Broughtest up my soul in love;
Yea, alive Thou keepest me,
That the pit I should not see.

Sing unto Jehovah, sing!
Thanks His saints unto Him bring;
Call to mind His holiness.
Truly, of His anger, less
Than a moment is the bound;
In His favour life is found.

Weeping tarries for a night,
Gladness comes with morning light.
Spake I in prosperity,
I shall never moved be;
Strength, Lord, to my mountain now
By Thy favour givest Thou.

Thou didst hide Thy face from me,
I was in perplexity;
Unto Thee, Jehovah, I
Lifted up my fervent cry;
To Jehovah in my need,
Supplication I have made.

What the profit, O my God,
What the profit of my blood,
If I to corruption go?
Shall the dust Thy praises show?
Shall the silent dust express
All Thy truth and faithfulness?

Hear Thou, O Jehovah, hear,
And in mercy draw Thou near;
O Jehovah, in Thy love,
Send me succour from above;
Thou my mourning from me hast
Turned into the dance at last.

All my sackcloth loosedst Thou,
Girdedst me with gladness now;
Thus my glory praise shall Thee,
And shall never silent be.
Thee, O Lord my God, will I
Thee for ever glorify!

—o—

PSALM XXXI.

IN Thee, Jehovah, do I trust,
Let me then never shamèd be;
Succour me in Thy righteousness,
O bow Thou down Thine ear to me.
With speed me help; be Thou my rock
Of strength, a place of sure defence,
To save me; for Thou art my rock,
My fortress, and my confidence.

Therefore for Thy name's sake me lead,
O guide me, pull me from the snare
Which privily they laid; for Thou
My strength art and deliverer.
Into Thy hands this soul of mine
I have committed in sure trust;
Thou hast redeemèd me, O Lord,
My God, the faithful and the just.

From those who idol-vanities
Of lying gods do wait upon,
I turned have; my confidence
Upon Jehovah rests alone.
I will be glad and leap with joy,
For Thy great mercies; for Thine eyes
Have seen my trouble, and my soul
Hast known in her sore agonies.

Thou hast not shut me up into
The hand of the great enemy,
But in a large and pleasant place
Hast set my feet for ever free.
Have mercy upon me, O God,
For in sore trouble is my heart;
Mine eye consumèd is with grief,
My soul, my every inward part.

Truly my life is spent in grief,
My years with sighing fade away;
My strength, for mine iniquity,
Me faileth, and my bones decay.

Among my adversaries all
I was a scorn; but specially
My neighbours; to my friends a fear:
They met me, and they fled from me.

Forgotten as the dead am I,
A broken vessel; I did hear
The slander of the multitude,
On every side of me was fear.
Against me they joint counsel took,
My life they sought to take away;
But in Thee have I trusted, Lord,
Thou art my God, then did I say.

My times are in Thy hand; from foes
And persecutors set me free.
Shine on Thy servant with Thy face,
In mercy great deliver me.
Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
For I have called upon Thee;
Let the ungodly be ashamed,
And in the grave all silent be.

Dumb be the lips of falsehood all,
Against the righteous one in pride
Who speak the words of insolence,
And with the tongue of scorn deride.
How great Thy goodness is, laid up
For those who fear Thee and obey,
In presence of the sons of men,
Displayed for them who on Thee stay.

Within Thy presence-chamber, Lord,
Thou wilt conceal them from the pride
Of man; in Thy pavilion close,
From strife of tongues Thou wilt them hide.
Let then Jehovah blessed be,
For He His tender love at length
To me hath magnified, and brought
Me to the city of His strength.

For as I hasted on, I said,
I am cut off before Thine eyes;
Yet heardest Thou my pleading voice,
When up to Thee I sent my cries.
Love ye Jehovah, all His saints!
Jehovah doth the faithful guard;
But him who goeth on in pride,
He will abundantly reward.

Be of good courage then, His saints,
And He will needed strength alway
Unto your fainting heart impart,
All ye who on Jehovah stay!

—o—

PSALM XXXII.

BLESSED is he
To whom forgiven hath been
Transgression all,
And covered is his sin!
Blessed the man,
The man to whom the Lord

Imputeth not
All his iniquity,
And from whose soul
All guile has passed away !

Silence I kept,
My bones went to decay,
Because of this
My crying all the day.
For day and night
Thy hand upon me lay
Most heavily ;
My freshness all is gone,
Dried up am I
As by the summer's sun.

My sin, O Lord,
I have confessed to Thee ;
I have not hid
My great iniquity.
I spake and said,
All my transgressions now
Unto the Lord
Freely confess will I ;
Thou pardoned hast
My sin's iniquity.

Because of this
Shall every godly one
Pray unto Thee,
In that time when alone

Thou mayest be found.
Then surely, when the tide
Of waters great
Around are swelling high,
To him their waves
Shall never once come nigh.

In evil day,
A hiding-place to me
Thou only art ;
Yea, Thou wilt set me free
From all distress.
And Thou, my sure defence
On every side,
About shalt compass me,
With grateful songs
Of happy liberty.

I will thee teach
And counsel in the way
Which thou shalt go ;
I'll guide thee with mine eye.
Be not as horse
Or mule, devoid of mind,
Whose stubborn mouth
Strongly held in must be
With bit and rein,
Lest they come near to thee.

Woes without end
To sinners shall abound ;

But as for him
Who in Jehovah trusts,
Mercy and grace
Shall compass him around.
Ye just, be glad,
Jehovah's name extol ;
Yea, shout for joy,
All ye upright of soul !

—o—

PSALM XXXIII.

REJOICE in Jehovah, rejoice, O ye righteous,
For praise to the upright is comely and fair ;
With harp and with psalt'ry give thanks to
Jehovah,
Your ten-stringèd lyre in His honour prepare.

A new song of praise to Jehovah, oh sing ye,
In notes of loud melody pour forth your skill ;
For upright and pure is the word of Jehovah,
The deeds of His hand they are faithfulness
still.

Just judgment and righteousness alway He
loveth ;
Jehovah's free goodness it filleth the earth ;
By the word of Jehovah these heavens were
created,
The breath of His mouth to their hosts giveth
birth.

The waves of the sea as an heap up He gathers,
He lays up the deep in His chambers of store :
Thou earth with thy fulness, oh fear thou
Jehovah ;
Thou world and thy dwellers, Him tremble
before.

'Twas He, He who spake, and it rose into being ;
He gave the command, and creation stood
fast :
To nought every plan of the heathen He
bringeth,
The schemes of the nations Jehovah doth
blast.

Jehovah, His counsel it standeth eternal,
The thoughts of His heart are for ever the
same :
Oh blessed the nation whose God is Jehovah,
The people He doth for His heritage claim.

From heaven looks Jehovah, men's sons He
beholdeth,
From the place of His mansion on earth
doth He gaze ;
The hearts of its dwellers alike He createth,
He marketh and weigheth their works and
their ways.

Not by his vast hosts is the monarch delivered,
Nor by his great might doth the warrior win ;

All false is the strength of the war-horse for
safety,
And vain all the hopes on his fleetness that
lean.

The eye of Jehovah on those that do fear Him
Still rests ; upon those on His mercy who
stay,
Their soul from all death by His power to
deliver,
To keep them alive in the dearth's evil day.

Our soul for Jehovah has waited, has waited,
For our succour is He, our strength is His
power ;
Yea He, even He, is our shield and our buckler,
And in Him our heart shall rejoice evermore.

For still in the name of His holiness ever,
The strength of our confidence rested have
we ;
On us let Thy mercy abide, O Jehovah,
According as we have confided in Thee.

—o—

PSALM XXXIV.

JEHOVAH will I bless
In every season still ;
His praises, without ceasing, shall
My lips for ever fill.

Yea, to Jehovah shall
My soul exulting cry ;
The lowly they shall hear of this,
And join my song of joy.

Unto Jehovah give,
With me, the mighty praise ;
Oh come, and His great name on high
Together let us raise.
Jehovah did I seek ;
Jehovah answered me,
And out of all my many fears
He hath my soul set free.

Light on their souls broke in,
As they to Him looked up,
Nor o'er their faces passed the shame
Of disappointed hope.
This poor man on Him cried,
Jehovah heard his cry,
And to him sent deliverance
From all his misery.

Yea, all around, as guard,
Those who do fear His name,
The angel of Jehovah camps,
And he delivers them.
Oh taste and see that good
Jehovah is alway,
And blessed, blessed is the man
Whose trust doth on Him stay.

Fear ye Jehovah, all
His saints, oh fear Him ye ;
For unto those who do Him fear
No want shall ever be.
The lions young do lack
And cry for want of food ;
But they who do Jehovah seek
Shall not lack any good.

Come ye, my children, come,
And hearken unto me ;
Oh come, and in Jehovah's fear
I will your teacher be.
Who loveth length of days ?
To taste good here who sighs ?
Preserve thy tongue from evil words,
Thy lips from speaking lies.

Upon His righteous ones,
In love, Jehovah's eyes
Are ever resting, and His ears
Are open to their cries.
Against those that do ill
Set is Jehovah's face,
From earth to make their memory
Right utterly to cease.

They cry ; Jehovah hears
When on His name they call,
And from their troubles manifold
He them delivers all.
Unto the broken heart
Jehovah draweth nigh ;

Unto the contrite spirit gives
Salvation from on high.

Many the sorrows here
The just one's cup which fill;
But out of every one of them
Jehovah save him will.
He keepeth all his bones,
And broken there is none.
Slain shall the sinner be, cut off
Who hate the righteous one.

His servant's soul from death
Jehovah doth redeem;
No condemnation is for those¹
Who put their trust in Him.

—o—

PSALM XXXV.

JEHOVAH, plead against my foes;
With my contenders, Lord, contend.
Grasp Thou the buckler and the shield;
Oh stand Thou up me to defend.
Stretch out the spear against my foes,
'Gainst my pursuers stop the way.
I thy salvation am alone,
Unto my soul thus speak and say.

Shamed and confounded be all those
Who seek after my soul in hate;

¹ See Hebrew.

Turned back, put to confusion they
Who evil to me meditate.
The angel of the Lord them chase,
As chaff before the wind be they ;
The angel of the Lord pursue,
All dark and slippery be their way.

For without cause have they their net
Within a pit concealed for me ;
A pit which without cause they have
For my soul diggèd privily.
Let ruin seize him unawares,
And let the net which he doth hide
For others, catch himself ; let him
Into that very ruin slide.

Then shall this soul of mine rejoice,
Yea, in Jehovah glad shall be ;
In His salvation evermore
It shall rejoice triumphantly.
Then all my bones shall say, O Lord,
Who is like Thee, the desolate
Who savest from the strong, the poor
And needy from the spoiler's hate ?

The witnesses of wrong rose up ;
False charges they against me brought,
Evil for good they recompensed,
The spoiling of my soul they sought.
But as for me, when they were sick,
My clothing sackcloth was, I mourned ;
My soul with fasting I brought low,
My prayer into my bosom turned.

Nay, and I bore myself as if
A friend and brother he had been ;
As one that for his mother mourns,
I bowed myself with heavy mien.
But in my halting they rejoice,
And gather round me ; yea, the vile
Against me come ; I knew it not ;
With ceaseless mocking they revile.

Yea, with the hireling hypocrites,
For bread who trade in mockery,¹
With bitter hatred they my steps
Pursued, and gnashed their teeth at me.
Jehovah, wilt Thou still look on ?
Oh wilt Thou not at length restore
From their destroying rage my soul,
My darling from the lion's power ?

In midst of the assembly great,
I utter will my thankfulness ;
Amid the mighty nations all,
I will Thy praises, Lord, express.
Let not my wrongful enemies
Raise over me the exulting cry,
Nor those who hate me without cause
Against my soul wink with the eye.

They speak not peace, but lies they forge—
Against the quiet citizen.
Opening their mouth on me, they said,
Aha, aha, our eye hath seen !

¹ See Hebrew.

Jehovah, Thou hast seen ; no more
Keep silence, be not far from me.
O Lord, arise, awake, me judge ;
My God and Lord, oh judge my plea !

Judge me, Jehovah, O my God,
According to Thy righteousness ;
And let not those mine enemies
O'er me exult in my distress.
Let them not say within their hearts,
Ah, now we have our soul's desire !
Let them not say within their hearts,
We have him swallowed up entire !

Let those who in my hurt rejoice,
Confounded all and shamed be ;
Clothed be they with disgrace and shame,
Who lift themselves in pride o'er me.
Rejoice and shout, for joy, all ye
Delighting in my righteousness ;
Yea, let them say, Jehovah still
Be praised, who loves His servant's peace.

And so my tongue shall celebrate
Thy glorious righteousness alway .
Yea, so my tongue shall celebrate
A loud Thy praises all the day.

—o—

PSALM XXXVI.

SPEAKE' TH the sinner's sin within my heart,
Before his eyes, of God there is no fear ,

For in self-flattery still on he goes,
Till of his sin the hatefulness appear.

Lies and deceit alone are on his lips,
Wisdom and goodness, lo, he shunneth still ;
Mischief upon his bed he meditates,
The wicked path he takes, nor hates the ill.

Jehovah, in the heavens Thy mercy is,
Unto the clouds extends Thy faithfulness ;
Thy righteousness is like the hills of God,
Thy judgments are a fathomless abyss.

Jehovah, Thou preservest man and beast ;
O God, our God, how excellent Thy grace !
Therefore beneath the shadow of Thy wings
The sons of men their confidence shall place.

They shall be satisfied abundantly
With the large fulness which Thy house
supplies ;
Yea, Thou wilt give them drink for evermore
From the eternal river of Thy joys.

For with Thee only is life's fountain clear,
And in Thy light alone we light shall see ;
Draw out¹ Thy grace to those who Thee have
known,
Thy righteousness to those who upright be.

Keep far from me the foot of pride ; nor let
Me movèd be by these mine enemies.

¹ See Hebrew.

There fall the workers of iniquity ;
Struck down are they, unable more to rise.

—o—

PSALM XLV.

MY heart, my heart is bursting forth,
And glorious things my lips would speak ;
All, all is for the King ; my tongue,
The ready writer's pen now take.

O beautiful, most beautiful,
Art Thou all sons of men before !
Into Thy lips all grace is poured,
Thee God hath bless'd for evermore.

O Mightiest of the mighty, come !
Thy sword at length upon Thy thigh
Gird Thou ; and, with Thy sword, put on
Thine honour and Thy majesty.

Yea, in Thy majesty ride on,
Because of truth still onward go,
Because of lowly righteousness ;
Dread things Thy right hand shall Thee show.

Whetted for war Thine arrows are ;
Lo, under Thee the nations fall ;
And lodged within the very heart
Of the King's foes Thine arrows all.

Thy throne, O mighty God, it shall
For ever and for ever be ;

The sceptre of Thy kingdom is
The sceptre of all equity.

Right Thou hast loved, and hated wrong;
Therefore, O God, Thy God on high
Hath Thee above Thy fellows all
Anointed with the oil of joy.

Of myrrh, aloes, and cassia,
Are all Thy glorious garments made;
Out of the ivory palaces,
The voice of harp hath made Thee glad.

Daughters of kings we see among
Thy honourable women there;
But at Thy right hand stands the queen
Alone, in gold of Ophir rare.

O daughter, hearken, give good heed,
Consider, and incline thine ear;
Thy people thou must now forget,
Thy father's house thou must forbear.

And so, above all other, shall
The King thy beauty doat upon;
Yet, daughter, He is still thy Lord,
Him shalt thou worship, Him alone.

Yea, and the daughter of old Tyre
With gifts and offerings shall be there;
And all the nations' wealthy ones,
Seeking thy favour then to share.

¹ See Hebrew

Within the bridal chamber she,
The daughter of the King of kings.
All glorious is ; her vesture fair,
Inwrought with gold embroiderings.

In rich array of needlework
Shall she be brought unto the King ;
Virgins behind her numberless,
Her fellows, unto Thee they bring.

O gladness of all gladness then !
O mirth of mirth, when they shall come
Into the palace of the King,
Their royal and eternal home !

Then in the room of those of old,
Thy fathers, shall thy sons be there ;
Them shalt thou take, and in the earth
Set them for princes everywhere.

So will I make Thy name to be
Remembered through eternal days ;
And therefore Thee the people shall
For ever and for ever praise.

—o—

PSALM XCVIII.

SING unto Jehovah, sing !
Mighty wonders He hath done ;
His right hand and holy arm
Him the victory hath won.

Lo, Jehovah far and wide
His salvation hath made known ;
To the nations of the earth
His righteousness hath shown.

Mindful unto Israel He
Of His love and truth hath been ;
The salvation of our God
All the ends of earth hath seen.
To Jehovah shout aloud !
Let the earth with gladness ring ;
Break ye forth with mighty voice,
Break ye forth, rejoice and sing.

Praise Jehovah with the harp,
Harp and psalm together bring ;
With the trump and cornet sound,
Shout ye to the Lord the King.
Ocean, let Thy fulness roar ;
Earth and dwellers, lift the voice ;
Floods and rivers, clap your hands ;
Hills, with one accord rejoice,

Now before Jehovah all ;
For to judgment cometh He ;
Justly He the earth will judge,
And the peoples uprightly.

—o—

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH He reigneth ! Oh tremble, ye
nations !
He sits on the cherubim, let the earth move.

Jehovah in Zion is mighty, is mighty,
Exalted is He all the people above.

Praise, praise, let the nations, Thy name great
and awful,
Thy name in its holiness let them adore ;
This great King of all kings, this King ever
mighty,
Just judgment He loveth, and keepeth in
store.

True judgment and justice in Jacob He
worketh,
And equity there is established by Thee.
Jehovah, our God, oh exalt ye for ever ;
Bow down at His footstool, for holy is He.

See there, of His priestly ones, Moses and
Aaron,
And see, of His worshippers, Samuel is
there.
They called on Jehovah, Jehovah them
answered,
From pillar of cloud He His will did declare.

His statutes they kept, and His laws to them
given.
Jehovah, our God, Thou didst answer their
prayer ;
On their deeds, in Thy wrath, just vengeance
Thou tookest,
Yet God of forgiveness Thyself didst declare.

Jehovah, our God, oh exalt ye, exalt ye !
Oh come and before Him bow lowly the
knee ;
On hill of His holiness bow ye before Him ;
For Jehovah, our God, most holy is He !

—o—

PSALM CXXI.

U^NTO th' eternal hills
I will lift up mine eyes ;
From whence alone, I know,
Doth all my help arise.
My help is from Jehovah given,
From Him who made the earth and heaven

Thy foot He'll ever hold,
It shall not movèd be ;
He never slumber will,
The God who keepeth Thee.
Lo, He that doth His Israel keep,
He neither slumber shall nor sleep.

Jehovah keepeth thee ;
And upon thy right hand
Jehovah, as thy shade,
Doth ever, ever stand.
The sun by day thee shall not smite,
Nor hurt thee shall the moon by night.

From all of evil here
Jehovah keepeth thee ;

He shall thy soul still keep ;
Jehovah keep shall He
Thy goings all, as heretofore,
From this time forth and evermore.

—o—

PSALM CXXV.

LIKE Zion mount all they shall be
Who in Jehovah set their stay ;
Zion, which cannot be removed,
But which abideth firm for aye.
As round about Jerusalem
The mountains be, even so of old,
Yea, from this time and evermore,
Jehovah doth His own enfold.

For on the lot of righteous men
The rod of evil shall not lie,
Lest that the righteous should put forth
Their hands unto iniquity.
Oh let the good Thy goodness still
For ever, O Jehovah, share ;
Yea, to all such, O Lord, do good,
As in their spirit upright are.

But such as after crooked ways
Do turn aside, Jehovah will
With evil-doers cast them forth ;
But peace shall be on Israel still.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Jehovah turned again
Zion's sore captivity,
Like the dreamers of a dream,
Seemed we in that day to be ;
Filled with laughter was our mouth,
And our tongue with melody.

Spake our heathen lords, Great things
Hath Jehovah for them done ;
Great things hath He done for us,
We will joy in Him alone.
Turn our bondage, Lord, like streams
Dried up by the southern sun.

They shall reap their fields in joy,
Who in sowing weep and mourn ;
He that goeth forth in tears
With his seed, shall yet return
In the gladness of his heart,
With his sheaves of harvest corn.

—o—

PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the depths on Thee I callèd have,
Jehovah ! Hear my voice, O Lord, on
high ;
Oh let Thine ears still listen, and give heed
Unto the voice of this my pleading cry.

Who, O Jehovah, could before Thee stand,
If Thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquity?
But with Thee are the pardon and the grace,
That Thou because of this shouldst feared
be.

I for Jehovah wait, my soul doth wait;
His word I hope in; to the Lord mine eye
Looks more than that of watchers for the
morn,
Than watchers for the morn more longingly.

Let Israel in Jehovah hope; for with
Jehovah is the mercy; and with Him
There is redemption plenteous, and He
From all his sins His Israel shall redeem

—o—

PSALM CXXXIV.

JEHOVAH bless!
Jehovah's servants all,
Who stand by night
Jehovah's house within!
His holy place
Within, lift up your hands,
Jehovah bless!
Jehovah, He whose will
Made heaven and earth,
Bless thee from Zion hill!

PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH! Praise the Lord
From the heavens with one accord;
Praise be to Jehovah given;
Praise Him in the heights of heaven.

Praise Him, all His angel choir,
Praise Him, ye His hosts of fire;
Praise Him, sun and moon so bright,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise Him, heaven of heavens so high,
Praise Him, floods above the sky;
In His name let all be glad,
For He spake, and they were made.

Them for ever 'stablished He,
By unchangeable decree:
From the earth, praise, praise the Lord.
Dragons, deeps, with one accord.

Hail and lightning, snow and mists,
Storms fulfilling His behests;
Hills and mighty mountains all,
Fruitful trees and cedars tall.

Praise Him, all ye birds of wing,
Beast and herd and creeping thing;
Nations on this earthly ball,
Kings and princes, judges all.

Youths and maidens, old and young,
Praise Jehovah's name in song;
For His name alone is high,
And His glory fills the sky.

He His people's horn doth raise,
Of His holy ones the praise;
Sons of Israel dear and nigh,
Praise the Lord eternally!

—o—

PSALM CXLIX.

PRAISE ye to Jehovah bring!
To the Lord a new song sing
Let the mighty gathering
Of His saints with praises ring.

In Jehovah, who them made,
Let His Israel be glad;
Let the sons of Zion sing,
And be joyful in their King.

Let them praise His holy name,
In the dance extol His fame;
On the harp and timbrel raise
Songs of triumph to His praise.

For Jehovah doth rejoice
In the people of His choice;
And with His salvation high
He the meek will beautify.

Let the saints in glory praise ;
On their beds their song upraise ;
In their mouth praise to the Lord,
In their hand the two-edged sword,

On the heathen wrath to pour,
On the people judgment sore ;
Fast to bind the kingly train,
Nobles with the iron chain ;

Executing on their head
The unerring doom of dread.
All His saints this honour claim :
Praise Jehovah, laud His name !

—o—

PSALM CL.

JEHOVAH praise ! Praise God
Within His sanctuary ;
Oh praise Him in His place of power,
His firmament on high.
Praise Him for all His deeds
Of majesty and power ;
For greatness and for excellence,
Oh praise Him every hour.

With the clear trumpet's sound,
Lift ye His glory high ;
Upon the harp His praises speak,
And on the psaltery.

With timbrel and with dance,
His majesty proclaim ;
Praise Him with stringed instruments,
With organs praise His name.

On the loud cymbals praise ;
Praise Him, each breathing thing ;
On the high-sounding cymbals, praise
Unto Jehovah sing !

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A sinful man am I, ...	44
Across the plains of Europe, through the smoke,	1
Ah, Lord, the world is dark !	16
Almighty Comforter and friend, ...	49
Be still, my soul, be still !	14
Bear Thou my burden, Thou who bar'st my sin,	98
Blessed is he, ...	185
Blest is the man that walketh not, ...	133
Bring the bright day to me, ...	95
By the cross of Jesus standing, ...	50
Could ye not watch, ...	71
Done is the work that saves, ...	36
Earth is the Lord's, ...	170
Eternal water-brooks, ...	67
Fair sin, tempt me not, ...	33
Father, our children keep !	125
Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God, ...	101
Finish thy work, the time is short, ...	4
For the warfare gird it on, ...	5
From earth retiring, ...	54

	PAGE
From the cross the blood is falling, ...	109
Give ye to Jehovah, O sons of the mighty, . .	179
Glory be to God the Father, ...	114
God of my righteousness, ...	136
Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay ? .	12
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord, ...	207
He called them, and they left, ...	78
He came a leper, all unclean and foul, . .	45
He speaks ! The gracious words I hear, . .	27
Hear, O Jehovah, hear, ...	154
Help me, my God, to speak, ...	43
Holy Father, mighty God, ...	90
Home of holy light, ...	51
How are my troublers multiplied, O Lord ! .	135
How goes the fight with thee, ...	18
How long, Jehovah, wilt Thou me forget ? .	150
I look along the past, and gather themes, .	76
I need no priest save Him who is above, . .	89
I thank Thee, Lord, for using me, ...	128
In Thee, Jehovah, do I trust, ...	182
Into the heaven of the heavens hath He gone, .	112
Is the Bridegroom absent still ?	122
It travels onward, this old world of ours, . .	8
Jehovah bless !	206
Jehovah He my Shepherd is, ...	170
Jehovah He reigneth ! Oh tremble, ye nations !	201
Jehovah, help !	129

	PAGE
Jehovah in the day, ...	163
Jehovah, in Thy strength, ...	165
Jehovah is my light and health, ...	176
Jehovah, Lord, ...	142
Jehovah, O my God, me save from those, ...	140
Jehovah, plead against my foes, ...	193
Jehovah praise ! Praise God, ...	209
Jehovah will I bless, ...	190
Jehovah's law perfection is, ...	162
Life is coming, death is going, ...	11
Light hath arisen, we walk in its brightness, ...	33
Like Zion mount all they shall be, ...	204
Lo, God, our God, has come !	35
Lord, give me light to do Thy work, ...	74
Lord, if he sleep he shall do well !	115
Lord Jesus Christ, our God and King, ...	111
Lord, judge me ; I have walked, ...	174
Lord, may I plead with Thee, pluck out this thorn, ...	118
Love not the world !	68
Love thou the truth, ...	83
My God, my God, why dost Thou me forsake, ...	166
My heart, my heart is bursting forth, ...	198
My trust is in, ...	148
My words, Jehovah, hear, ...	137
No, not despairingly, ...	53
No, not the love without the blood, ...	92

	PAGE
Not in the silence only, ...	103
Not in Thine anger, Lord, ...	138
Not to ourselves again, ...	80
Now in parting, Father, bless us, ...	103
O love invisible, yet infinite, ...	110
Oh help me o'er this river, ...	6
On the great love of God I lean, ...	119
On Thee, O Jesus, strongly leaning, ...	46
One Christ we feed upon, one living Christ, ...	96
Out of the depths on Thee I called have, ...	205
Peace upon peace, like wave on wave, ...	38
Praise will I unto Thee, ...	143
Praise ye to Jehovah bring !	208
Preserve me, O my God ! in Thee, ...	153
Rejoice in Jehovah, rejoice, O ye righteous, ...	188
Rest, weary Son of God ! and I, with Thee, ...	41
Seamless and fair !	104
Shine on, sweet sun, and let my day, ...	28
Sing unto Jehovah, sing !	200
Soon this corruptible, ...	56
Sounds the trumpet from afar !	29
Speaketh the sinner's sin within my heart, ...	196
Sweet cup of sorrow, ...	15
The babe, the bride, the quiet dead, ...	39
The Christ, the Son of God, hath died !	86
The cross, it standeth fast, ...	21
The cross stands firm ; no blast of time, ...	20

	PAGE
The gems of earth are still within, ...	61
The glory of God these bright heavens are declaring, ...	161
The Master is come, and calleth, ...	88
The night-shades have begun their flight, . .	9
Thee in the loving bloom of morn, ...	25
Thee, Jehovah, will I praise !	180
Thee will I love, O Jehovah my strength, . .	156
They hear His voice !	57
This is the day of toil, ...	62
Thou know'st my longings to be taught of Thee,	126
Thou must deny thyself, ...	85
Through good report and evil, Lord, ...	64
Thy thoughts are here, my God, ...	93
'Tis a sharp rugged hill, that seems to mock, .	22
To Him who formed the heaven of heavens, . .	37
To Him who spread the skies, ...	117
To Jehovah, God of might, ...	82
To the name of God on high, ...	73
To Thee, Jehovah, do I lift my soul, ...	172
To Thee, Jehovah, will I cry, ...	178
To Thee, to Thee alone, Lord, would I hearken,	120
Trustingly, trustingly, ...	47
'Twas spring, six thousand years ago, ...	23
Two curses, one of Adam, one of Cain, ...	30
Unto th' eternal hills, ...	203
Upward, where the stars are burning, ...	31

	PAGE
We leave now behind us, ...	91
We take the peace which He hath won, ...	99
When Jehovah turned again, ...	205
When the leaves of life are falling, ...	65
When the weary, seeking rest, ...	59
Who, O Jehovah, shall abide, ...	152
"Who touched me?" dost Thou ask?	127
Why, O Jehovah, dost Thou stand afar?	146
Why rage the Gentiles? After vanity, ...	134
Within his heart the fool hath said, ...	151
Words then there are in that high sphere, ...	106

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